

NOTICE.—Mr. RUSKIN'S Notes on the PICTURES at the ROYAL ACADEMY and the Society of Water-Colour Painters will be published in a few days.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1. THE SECOND EDITION OF THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Author of 'JANE EYRE,' 'SHIRLEY,' 'VILLETTE,' &c.
By Mrs. GASKELL.

Author of 'Mary Barton,' 'Ruth,' 'North and South.'
In Two Volumes, post 8vo. with a Portrait of Miss Brontë, and a View of Haworth Church and Parsonage. Price 9s. cloth.

"Mrs. Gaskell has produced one of the best biographies of a woman by a woman which we can recall to mind."—*Athenæum*.

"Is moral is, the unconquerable strength of genius and goodness."—*Spectator*.

"Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' has placed her on a level with the best biographers of any country."—*Globe*.

"We regard this record as a monument of courage and endurance, of suffering and triumph... All the secrets of the literary workmanship of the Authoress of 'Jane Eyre' are unfolded in the course of this extraordinary narrative."—*Times*.

2. THE ROUA PASS; Or, ENGLISHMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By ERICK MACKENZIE.

In 3 vols.
"The attractions of the story are numerous and varied. It is a success, whether regarded as a brilliant social picture of stirring scenes and striking adventures, or as a sketch of the deeper and higher sentiments which relate to the world of thought."—*Evening Standard*.

"Although there is no direct resemblance in 'The Roua Pass' to the Brontë novels, it has this feature in common with them:—the book appears to be the result of a close but narrow examination of life and scenery, the high persons and general story being the product of pure fancy or imagination."—*Spectator*.

3. STORIES AND SKETCHES.

By JAMES PAYN.

Post 8vo. price 8s. 6d. cloth.

"A volume of pleasant reading. Some of the papers have true Attic salt in them."—*Literary Gazette*.

4. POEMS.

By Mrs. FRANK P. FELLOWS.

Fcap. 8vo. price 3s. cloth.

"There is much of easy simplicity in the diction, and elegant naturalness in the thoughts."—*Spectator*.

IN THE PRESS.

I. THE PROFESSOR.

By CURRER BELL.

Author of 'JANE EYRE,' &c.

In Two Volumes.

[In May.]

II. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LUT- FULLAH,

A MAHOMMEDAN GENTLEMAN.

Edited by E. B. EASTWICK, Esq.

Post 8vo.

[Early in June.]

III. THE ELEMENTS OF DRAWING; IN LETTERS TO BEGINNERS.

By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

A thor of 'Modern Painters,' 'Stones of Venice,' 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' &c.
Crown 8vo. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. [Nearly ready.]

IV. A VISIT TO SALT LAKE;

Being a JOURNEY across the PLAINS to the MORMON SETTLEMENTS in UTAH.

By WILLIAM CHANDLESS.

Post 8vo. With a Map.

[Just ready.]

V. BELOW THE SURFACE:

A STORY OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.
Three Volumes.

[Just ready.]

London: SMITH, ELDER & Co. 65, Cornhill.

THE NEW NOVEL.

Just ready, in 3 vols.

ANNE SHERWOOD.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.

On the 18th inst. will be published, post 8vo. with a Portrait,

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL GURNEY.

By Mrs. GELDART,

Author of 'Truth is Everything,' &c. &c.

London: W. & F. G. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.

TO YOUNG AUTHORS AND INEXPERIENCED WRITERS.

Now ready, for 12 stamps, post free,

HOW TO PRINT AND WHEN TO PUBLISH. ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

"Condensed information on all subjects connected with PUBLISHING and bringing out a Book with most advantage to its Author, is the characteristic of this useful little Pamphlet."

SAUNDERS & OTLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

Just published, 2 vols. 8vo. with Two Maps and Seven Coloured Views, price 21s.

NEW ZEALAND;

OR,

THE BRITAIN OF THE SOUTH.

Inscribed by permission to SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. M.P.

By CHARLES HURSTHOUSE,

A New Zealand Colonist, and former Visitor in the United States, the Canadas, the Cape Colony, and Australia.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6, Charing Cross, S.W.

DR. DEAKIN'S BRITISH BOTANY.

COMPLETE in FOUR VOLUMES, and REDUCED in PRICE, with Additional Matter, bringing the work down to the Present Time,

FLORIGRAPHIA BRITANNICA;

Or, ENGRAVINGS and DESCRIPTIONS of

THE FLOWERING PLANTS AND FERNS OF BRITAIN.

By RICHARD DEAKIN, M.D.

Author of the 'Flora of the Coliseum of Rome,' &c. &c.

* * * The Illustrations of this work comprise 1,625 delineations of every known species of British Flowering Plants and Ferns, arranged both according to the Linnean and Natural Systems. The description of each Plant is given both in scientific and familiar language, accompanied with its History and Uses in Medicine, the Arts, Agriculture, &c.—thus rendering it a work of general utility and easy reference to all who wish to become acquainted with our native Plants, and their value as applied to economical purposes or as adornments to the landscape or garden.

Price, with the Plates Coloured, 4 vols. 8vo. cloth gilt, 5*l*.

Price, with Plain Plates, 4 vols. 8vo. cloth gilt, 3*l*. 10*s*.

✽ The FOURTH VOLUME, which contains the FERNS, may be had separately, price, with Plates partly Coloured, 16*s*.; or Plain, 14*s*.

GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, 5, Paternoster-row.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

A GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD;

Or, DICTIONARY of GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Compiled from the most recent Authorities, and forming a complete body of Modern Geography, Physical, Political, Statistical, Historical, and Ethnographical.

By a MEMBER of the ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

In 7 vols. imperial 8vo. with 124 Maps and Engravings, and numerous Woodcuts, price 10*l*. rich and strong cloth.

"The progress made in the last quarter of a century in the philosophical study of the earth, is nowhere more perceptible than in the books of geographical reference to which we have now ready access. At the head of these we have great pleasure in placing Messrs. Fullarton's 'GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD,'—or, as it is more properly entitled, 'DICTIONARY OF GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE,'—a work which has been recently completed, and which combines to a remarkable extent comprehensive views of the Physical Geography of the Globe, with a vast amount of Political and Statistical information, and all the minuteness and accuracy which is required in a Dictionary of Places. We know no book of equal excellence on these subjects in any other language."—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1857.

Edinburgh: FULLARTON & Co.

NEW BURLINGTON-STREET, May 9.

MR. BENTLEY'S
LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS
AND
NEW EDITIONS
ISSUED THIS DAY.

I.
EGYPT and the GREAT SUEZ CANAL: a Narrative of TRAVELS in EGYPT, &c. By M. BARTHÉLEMY ST-HILAIRE. 8vo. 14s.

II.
Uniform with 'Never Too Late to Mend.'
NIGHTSHADE. By W. JOHNSTON, M.A. Crown post, 5s.

III.
ANNE SHERWOOD. 3 vols. *[Just ready.]*

IV.
HISTORICAL and MILITARY ACCOUNT of the DEFENCE of KARS. By COLONEL ATWELL LAKE, C.B. 8vo. with Illustrations, 15s.

V.
THE MARTYRS of CARTHAGE. By MRS. WEBB, Author of 'Naomi.' Third Edition. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations, 5s.

VI.
THE SISTER of CHARITY. By MRS. CHALLICE. 2 vols.

VII.
NOTES on NOSES. Sixth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

VIII.
The ONLY UNABRIDGED EDITION of LECTURES on COMPARATIVE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, in its Relation to the History of Mankind. By M. GUYOT. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

IX.
HISTORY of the WAR in AFFGHANISTAN. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. New Edition, revised. Vol. II. (to be completed in three vols.) Crown 8vo. 3s.

X.
MENTAL CULTURE REQUIRED for CHRISTIAN MINISTERS. Delivered on occasion of the Consecration of Dr. Fitzgerald. By ARCH-BISHOP WHATELY. 8vo.

XI.
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to MEND. By CHARLES READE. Tenth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 5s.

XII.
PEG WOFFINGTON. By CHARLES READE. With an Illustration. 3s. 6d.

XIII.
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. By CHAS. READE. With an Illustration. 3s. 6d.

XIV.
SERMONS in STONES; or, Scripture Confirmed by Geology. By D. M'AUSSLAND. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

XV.
MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS:— Marriage Inheritance—Destiny. The only Unabridged Edition. A New Library Edition. 3 vols. with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

HURST & BLACKETT,
Successors to Henry Colburn,
HAVE JUST PUBLISHED THE FOLLOWING
NEW WORKS.

DR. ARMSTRONG'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE of the DISCOVERY of the NORTH-WEST PASSAGE, By H.M.S. INVESTIGATOR, Dedicated by permission to H.R.H. Prince Albert. 1 large vol. with Map and Plate, 16s.

"This book is sure to take a prominent position in every library in which works of discovery and adventure are to be met with. It is a record of the most memorable geographical discovery of the present age. It comes from one who has himself actively participated in all the stirring incidents and exciting scenes it so ably describes, and thus possesses that charm of freshness and interest no mere compiler can ever hope to obtain. The stirring pages of Dr. Armstrong's narrative bear ample evidence of their having been written by an accomplished and highly-educated man, possessed of quick sensibilities, cultivated powers, and a refined mind."—*Daily News.*

RUSSIA AFTER THE WAR: the Narrative of a Visit to that Country in 1856. By SELINA BUNBURY. 2 vols. 21s.

"We congratulate Miss Bunbury upon having written a very entertaining book—one that has the merit of being readable from the beginning to the end. The author saw all that she could, and has described with much vivacity all that she saw. Her book is full of pleasant pictures, commencing with St. Petersburg and its lions, and ending with the coronation. It will find numerous readers."—*Daily News.*

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS, Queen of SPAIN, and the COURT of PHILIP II. By MISS FREER, Author of 'The Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême,' &c. 2 vols. with fine Portraits, 21s.

"It is not attributing too much to Miss Freer to say that herself and Mr. Prescott are probably the best examples of our modern biographers. The present volumes will be a boon to posterity, for which it will be grateful. Equally suitable for instruction and amusement, they portray one of the most interesting characters and periods of history."—*John Bull.*

A PILGRIMAGE into DAUPHINE. By the Rev. G. M. MUSGRAVE, A.M. Oxon., &c. 2 vols. with Illustrations, 21s.

"A pleasant narrative of travel in a pleasant region." *Examiner.*

LAKE NGAMI; or, Explorations and DISCOVERIES in SOUTH-WESTERN AFRICA. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON. Royal 8vo. Second Edition. With upwards of 50 Illustrations and Map. 30s.

MEMOIRS of the COURT of the REGENCY, from Original Family Documents. By the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits.

THE LIFE and DEATH of PHILIP HOWARD, Earl of Arundel, and the Life of the Lady Anne, Countess of Arundel and Surrey. Edited from the Original MSS. by the DUKE of NORFOLK. 1 vol. antique. *(In the press.)*

CHOW CHOW; being Selections from A JOURNAL KEPT IN INDIA, EGYPT, AND PALESTINE. By the VISCOUNTESS FALKLAND. 2 vols. 8vo. With Illustrations. *(Just ready.)*

SONGS of the CAVALIERS and ROUNDHEADS, JACOBITE BALLADS, &c. By G. W. THORNBURY, Author of 'Art and Nature at Home and Abroad,' &c. 1 vol. with Illustrations by H. S. MARKS, 10s. 6d. bound.

PEN and PENCIL PICTURES. By THOMAS HOOD. Second Edition, with Additions. 1 vol. with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We are happy to find that the delightful volume, 'Pen and Pencil Pictures,' has reached a second edition, and that the reception of the younger Thomas Hood by the public has been worthy of the name he bears."—*Literary Gazette.*

REVELATIONS of PRISON LIFE; with an Enquiry into Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishments. By G. LAVAL CHESTERTON. Third and Cheaper Edition. 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

EASTERN HOSPITALS and ENGLISH NURSES. By A LADY VOLUNTEER. Third and Cheaper Edition. 1 vol. 6s.

AN ADDRESS on the PRESENT CONDITION, RESOURCES, and PROSPECTS of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, delivered by special request at the City Hall, Glasgow. By the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE HALIBURTON. 8vo. 1s.

FIRST FRUITS—POEMS. By E. H. R. 1 vol. 5s. bound.

"We have seldom met with a volume at the same time so spirited and so practical. The poems are calculated to please and to edify all readers."—*English Churchman.*

A. & C. BLACK'S
NEW WORKS.

Vol. XIII. of the Encyclopædia Britannica:

Containing the following Articles:—LUTHER, by Chevalier Bunsen; MADAGASCAR, by the Rev. W. Ellis; LEPROSY, by J. Y. Simpson, M.D. Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c. 4to. cloth, 24s. *[Nearly ready.]*

The City: its Sins and Sorrows.

By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Author of 'Pleas for Ragged Schools,' &c. Crown 8vo. *[In the press.]*

A Manual of Ancient Geography.

By Dr. L. SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E. Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. *[Next week.]*

Scott's Poetical Works, New Edition;

Including his great Metrical Romances, Copyright Lyrical Pieces, Miscellaneous Poems and Ballads. With numerous Engravings on Steel and Wood, after Turner and Gilbert. Crown 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; morocco antique, 14s. *[Now ready.]*

A Second Edition of the Practical Angler;

Or, the ART of TROUT-FISHING, more particularly adapted to Clear Water. By W. C. STEWART. 12mo. 3s. 6d. *[Now ready.]*

Black's Guide to Ireland;

Embracing Descriptions of all the Routes frequented by Tourists, with full information regarding Hotels, Inns, Conveyances, Guides, and every Topographical Information likely to prove useful. Illustrated by Maps and Charts. *[New Edition, in the press.]*

Madeira, its Climate and Scenery:

A Handbook for Invalid and other Visitors. By ROBERT WHITE. Second Edition. Edited by JAMES YATE JOHNSON. With Map of the Island. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Dictionary of Synonymes and Paronyms

Of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By the Rev. JOHN OSWALD, Author of 'An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language,' &c. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

An Introduction to Clinical Medicine.

By J. H. BENNETT, M.D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Third Edition. 18mo. 2s.

Edinburgh Essays.

By MEMBERS of the UNIVERSITY. Uniform with the Oxford and Cambridge Essays. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Medical Observation and Research.

By THOMAS LAYCOCK, M.D. Professor of the Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The Sixteenth Thousand of the Gospel in Ezekiel:

A Series of Discourses. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Edinburgh: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857.

REVIEWS

The Life of Handel. By Victor Schœlcher. (Trübner & Co.)

THAT M. Schœlcher's book is well timed there can be no doubt,—that it has been forced out to suit a particular period no one should assume. M. Schœlcher's researches have been so well known to the musical and antiquarian world for some years past, that Malice itself would not dream of charging him with the poor design of putting forward a catchpenny book. There is something in the circumstances of its authorship which appeals to every genial sympathy. The sight of one so extreme in his political convictions as Handel's biographer has elsewhere proclaimed himself to be, turning to account exile and pause, by entering the quiet domains of Art,—that fairy garden where the rose, be it ever so red, does not signify rebellion,—neither, be it ever so white, does it typify the stainless traditions of right divine—is a spectacle so rare as to engage the favour of all those who object to see politics taken up as a trade, not as a conviction; and who thus (whatever opinions a man may have held) appreciate as an act of dignity the politician's retirement into gentler pursuits, when the time does not call him forth. Neither zeal, nor labour, nor money, nor enthusiastic reverence has been wanting to M. Schœlcher during the preparation and arrangement of this biography. Yet it will scarcely satisfy either the general reader or the more strictly educated musician as a life of the man Handel or as an essay on those musical glories the supremacy of which the Haydns, Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, and Rossinis of later times have not one, by a breath, ever thought to dispute.

It has been too universally forgotten by those who have written the lives of musicians that their position, nay, their productions, (as also those of dramatists and actors,) more closely illustrate the fashions and manners of their times than can be the case with works of Art and artists in exhibitions dependent on the caprices of a smaller public. The pictures of a popular painter (for instance), produced in his studio, may be purchased, and thenceforth excluded from general sight and criticism, without any disparagement of the painter's powers; whereas composers, singers, dramatists, actors, must have, not an audience, but audiences, ere they can be recognized; and thus, however prospectively they may be tempted to write, the wise among them have been compelled to consult and conciliate the humour of the day. That the greatest works have been completed under such conditions we assert with emphatic reference to Beethoven's last compositions and the idle controversies to which they have given occasion. That the experimentalists have had mainly to look at the experiment as its own reward could be proved by comparing the projects with the popular writings of such an immense and fertile thinker as Bach. It follows, then, that no biographer can fitly deal with a musician if he cannot also, in some degree, enter into the manners of the time in which the man flourished, and of the society whose suffrage the artist courted. In such attempted dealings, M. Schœlcher will satisfy no one conversant with the *Memoirs and belles lettres* of the last century. No disrespect is implied to the French when we say that the usages, the fancies, the principles of English life seem—almost as an affair of race—to elude their comprehension. Since the days of De Grammont we have not had from a French

hand a solitary picture of English society which seems properly studied (as the painters say), or even correct in detail. M. Schœlcher's known opinions, too, are not good lamps for guiding him through the intricacies of a world in which his hero was Court-favourite. He cannot divest himself of the idea, so dear to biographers, that his elect one man of genius was something of a martyr,—misunderstood, imperfectly protected, and ill requited. He appears to be generally unaware of what the world's estimation of music and the musical artist was at the period when the young Hanoverian established himself in London—that the public, which may be now counted by millions, was then a public of hundreds. He brags of Handel's independence, forgetting the considerable pension which swelled Handel's income,—he bewails his frequent losses of money, forgetting his large gains, and speaking as if his reverses had resulted from persecution, and not from the natural chances of those trade speculations with which a poet does ill to intermeddle, whether he be a Scott organizing a printing-office or a Handel ruling in an opera-house. He cannot conceive that one whose life is passed in production must count his thousands and estimate his position from lustre to lustre, and not from plaudit to plaudit. He overlooks the moral that Handel, crowned and benefited and decorated during his life as no musician of his time in any other country had been, died full of years, honours, and friends, and this in a kingdom where sympathy with Poetry and love for Art were, by chance, during Handel's residence there, at a lower ebb than they had been for a long period. In short, the actual position of the composer of the 'Messiah,' as shaped and modified by his English residence (which, let us further insist, was a matter of choice on his part, not compulsion), has escaped M. Schœlcher. The nonsense of fashionable partizanship seems to have rankled in his mind till it has lost its power of appreciating the immense counter-balances which were vouchsafed to the great artist during his half-century of labour in this land. On the one side, he is implacable against the Lady Browns, who gave parties on Opera nights in order to damage Handel's speculations; on the other, he appears to count for nothing the steady stream of royal and noble patronage, sympathy, nay, friendship, which accompanied and upheld the great man throughout his career, and the records of which may be seen in the collections laid up in a London palace even unto this day.

We are bound to say, in continuation, that passion for (rather than understanding of) his subject pervades M. Schœlcher's treatment of it, where Handel is considered not morally but musically. In a humour akin to that of the recent school of Beethoven's idolaters M. Schœlcher seems to have entered on his task in a spirit of boundless faith and unlimited acceptance. His divine man is a god who neither hungers nor thirsts, nor falters, nor does aught amiss. If weakness there be, it must be in our own eyes that mistake a beauty for a blemish; if inequality in our admiration, it must lie in our own finite powers. Strange! that in these days of ours, and among the very people of all countries whose boast it is to rise superior to superstition, such fanaticisms of indiscriminate, unquestioning admiration should be so frequent as to amount to a feature! When will the gifted and generous see that greatness is exalted, not degraded, by exact measurement? When will it be admitted that the Anthem of Reverence (may we not be allowed a musical illustration?) must, to be

complete and calm and solemn enough, have Reason for its conductor? We yield to none in our deep admiration of Handel as the greatest poet in his art who ever lived,—the Shakespeare of Music, whose greatness will more and more reveal itself in proportion as intelligence goes hand-in-hand with rapture. But such a wholesale glorification as we find here,—confounding what is permanent with what was temporary, what is good with what is less good,—amounts to nothing less than a complete abnegation of all knowledge, power, and genuine faculty of loving. In part it arises from the want of musical knowledge, confessed by M. Schœlcher,—in part from the impetuosity of worship. Be the cause what it may, the result is unsatisfactory.

Such adventure as marked Handel's life was limited within the compass of its first quarter of a century, betwixt 1685, the year of his birth, and 1711, when the triumph of his 'Rinaldo,' in London, commenced those fifty years of residence and creation in England, the influences of which will be felt as long as music exists. The first struggle with him was but a short one, and resolves itself into the quarrel, as old as Time, betwixt Genius and those who were answerable for its birth. His father was a doctor,—an old as well as a pragmatic man, being sixty-three years of age when the Herculean child was born. He had laid it down to himself that George Frederic was to be a lawyer, and did not renounce his intention without a contest. But "music won the cause" before the boy was ten years of age. A dilettante Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels stepped in to mediate, and the child was placed in the hands of old organist Zackau, of Halle, who showed him how to play on keyed instruments, and gave him the run of "a vast collection of German and Italian music." It may be presumed that Handel was endowed with one of those rich and ready organizations which guess what they learn, while those more meagrely gifted must plod their way painfully. Thus gifted have been Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Rossini,—all men of prodigious memory, rapid appreciating power, and the first three, at least, of consummate mechanical aptitude.—Handel began to create and to perform almost as soon as he began to study. A passage, quoted from 'The Anecdotes of Handel and Smith,' indicates that he went through that useful course of practice which consists in the copying of music; since therein is mentioned a book of manuscript music, dated 1798, inscribed with the initials G. F. H., and written in his own hand, which contains "various airs, choruses, capriccios, fugues, and other pieces of music, with the names of contemporary musicians, such as Zackau, Alberti, Froberger, Krieger, Kerl, Ebner, and Strunch. They were probably exercises adopted at pleasure, or dictated for him to work upon by his master. The composition is uncommonly scientific, and contains the seeds of many of his subsequent performances."—Loosely as the above is worded, the testimony is remarkable, as throwing light on disputed passages,—for attempts to examine which we have been reckoned with as though we were speaking treason. Were the above not pieces of music copied? Were they other men's themes wrought out by Handel? At this date, it would be impossible to arrive at certain decision, unless duplicates should turn up in some of the old libraries of Germany. We are at liberty to imagine them copies of other men's works, for study,—not "studies" on other men's themes—by Handel; and, if this be granted, it is not visionary to ascribe

the weaker movements in Handel's later works—produced when he was pressed for time—to these old school-books, referable to his days of Italian and German study. The literal coincidence of the chorus in 'Israel,' 'Egypt was glad,' with the fugue printed, with Kerl's name, by Sir John Hawkins in his 'History,' has been passed over by M. Schœlcher and his assistant analysers, in the note [page 423], where our speculations on the *Magnificat* del R^d Signor Erba are settled by the assertion that the "*Magnificat* is certainly Handel's," because, goes on the biographer, in proof,

"the MS., entirely written by himself, is bound up in a quarto volume, improperly entitled 'Sketches,' in the collection at Buckingham Palace. The last pages, in which the date was *doubtless* to be found, are unfortunately lost; but, besides its Latin text (which assigns it to the Italian period of the master's works), it is written upon very thick paper, like all his MSS., which were made in Italy."

We have marked in italics the words which the world is invited to accept as proof positive! Much less certain "certainty" could hardly be. If Handel copied Kerl in Germany, and inwrought the copy into his 'Israel,'—a point up to the present time unsettled,—why may he not have pursued a like course with the '*Magnificat* del Signor Erba, transcribed in Italy? M. Schœlcher, however, will not admit the possibility of doubt: since, in his note he finally disposes of the matter, in a style equally logical and convincing:—

"According (says he) to the 'Musical Dictionaries' of M. Fétis and Choron, he (Erba) was not a composer, but a violin-player. M. Fétis says, that he was, as Milanese and Choron calls him, a Roman. Neither of them consecrates more than five lines to him, and all the composition they give him is, 10 *Sonate da Camera*, a *Violino Solo e Basso*, Op. 1, (Amsterdam, 1736.)"

The above, again, is history at hap-hazard! How can Erba, whoever he may have been, not have been a composer? Here are cited ten chamber duets, composed by him, and these could be printed so far off as Amsterdam,—at a period, too, when the great mass of Italian service-music,—otherwise of home-composition,—existed only in Italy in manuscript, and has since had no published existence. Such unhesitating assumptions,—founded on such a reckless dealing with evidence (not to speak of all musical inadvertence to the disparities of style),—will hardly settle the doubts of musicians on this question. But they must shake public faith in Handel's new biographer, as collector and analyst. The point is worth any amount of that labour and research, the bare mention of which on our parts has been resented by M. Schœlcher, as though it were a narrow and calumnious attempt to take away the character of his hero.

After the death of Dr. Handel, — which took place in 1697,—the boy was left mainly to his own resources. He was bent on a pilgrimage to Italy,—for in that land, in his day, was the great music-school of the world; but this was not to be accomplished without money. To get money, Handel entered the orchestra of the Hamburg Opera, first as violin-player, then as accompanist and filler-up at the harpsichord,—a post calling for perfect knowledge of thorough-bass. Who knows, if Handel had been a marrying man, whether he might not have been lost to the world of Poetry!—since, for a moment, his scheme of Italian study was laid by in favour of the chances of his being nominated organist at Lubeck. But on going to the old town to compete and to canvass, Handel discovered that as a condition of the appointment he was expected to marry the retiring organist's daughter. This startled one not peculiarly bent on marriage.

Back to Hamburg he went. His duel with his friend Mattheson there is too well known as one of Handel's few adventures to require more than passing mention.

Handel's three years of residence at Hamburg would have borne more study than M. Schœlcher has bestowed on them.—The opera at Hamburg long held a peculiar and distinguished place in German theatrical art. The schools of Northern and Southern music had then not divaricated; yet it would still be worth examining carefully how far into the compositions or in the traditions of that same Hamburg theatre some thread might or might not be traced of that Germanism (otherwise of intellectual and expressive vigour) which distinguished Handel's music from first to last, and the uncomprehended sense of which it was, perhaps, that made *La Faustina* (Hasse's Italian wife) characterize to Burney the composer's *Cantilena* as sometimes "rude." If we mistake not, we have heard of one or two German works, published during late years, in which some notice of these early Hamburg operas was to be found;—and that the town and its libraries are worth a close search, M. Schœlcher is as well aware as we are, since he recommends the German Handelians to undertake the task. Was it not, also, one demanding the personal attention of Handel's biographer?

As regards the wandering time of the great German artist's life—to adopt the German phrase applied to a craftsman's education—it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, now to recover traces of Handel and his adventures in Italy, in addition to the few which we already possess. He was protected by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, with whose brother, Prince Gaston, he had made acquaintance on this side of the Alps. For the score of 'Roderigo,' an opera produced at Florence in the year 1706, he was repaid with "a service of plate and a purse containing a hundred sequins." At Florence, too, he captivated the heart of Signora Vittoria, the *prima donna*, who is said to have followed him from the capital of Tuscany to Venice, without encouragement on the beloved one's part. At Venice Handel made himself popular among the then lively people of that musical city by his 'Agrippina,'—another opera written in three weeks. From Venice he went to Rome, where a third opera, 'Silla,' was written by him,—but, M. Schœlcher thinks, was never performed. At Rome we find the first far-off intimation of Handel's after greatness in the 'Resurrezione,' an oratorio written by him in the palace of the Marquis Ruspoli,—and in his 'Il Trionfo del Tempo,' a *Cantata* for which Cardinal Panfilo contrived the poem, and which was produced in one of the high places of music, the palace of Corelli's patron and friend, Cardinal Ottoboni.—An early 'Acis and Galatea' belongs also to Handel's Italian residence; which terminated towards the year 1709, when his return to Germany took place, and when his connexion with the royal personages that came "to reign over us," and brought Handel in their train, commenced, happily for England.

There is in the above history little or no vicissitude, but a record of instantaneous recognition, early success, and liberal patronage. It claims note with reference to past speculations—that till "*il caro Sassone*" began to write English services for the Chandos Chapel, English oratorios on the words of the Bible, and English *Cantatas* to the poems of Milton, Gay, and Congreve, Handel presented himself as an Italianized, if not an Italian composer,—as a *maestro* whose humour it was to fit the Nicolinis and Senesinos of the opera-stage with such airs and graces as they loved best. His orchestral music to the last had

in it more of Rome than of Leipsic—more of the *suave* melody and grace of the Corellis and Marcellos than of that ingenious, but oftentimes dry contrivance which marks the German music of the period, and from which the constructions of Bach, vast and prophetic as are that great man's varieties, and clear as are his fancies, are not wholly exempt. Viewed with reference to the period in which Handel appeared, his noble beauty as a melodist has never been sufficiently dwelt on. Some fifty airs from his vocal and instrumental works, including the *minuets* and *garrets* of his overtures, could be named as rich and voluptuous in their sweetness as any tunes that the slighter tune-makers of Italy have ever poured forth,—and infinitely surpassing them in novelty, fire, and distinctive character. There is Italian beauty without Italian effeminacy in every line from Handel's pen,—and it is because of this, among other reasons, that we receive with mistrust from him any specimen at all doubtful in which labour has been bestowed on poor or unmarked phrases, or conducted with the solicitous pedantry of the conscious labourer. He did not inherit Palestrina's style, for that, indeed, was carried to perfection by rare Pierluigi himself,—and it was Handel's mission to invent, to carry out, not to copy; but the secret of Palestrina's solemn and gorgeous sweetness may be said to live in his works. No modern writer has ever approached those two men in the combination of power with vocal sonority, wrought by devices to all appearance entirely different. Among all composers, living or dead, of any epoch, of any country, there was, and is, possibly none so complete as Mozart—none so happy in his time of appearing—none so symmetrical in point of form, in the balance and the employment of every resource; yet there is hardly a single choral movement from Mozart's hand (the well-known 'Ave Verum' perhaps excepted) which, if performed after one of Handel's by the same vocal and orchestral forces, will not suffer by the comparison, not only the music, but the body of executants, losing, as it were, something of strength and roundness.

If we have halted at the end of this Italian period, to work out a point, it is because, in the suffusion of his admiration, Handel's new biographer has been less clear-sighted in marking it than might have been desirable.—The composer's residence in England was, of course, more anecdotically easy to deal with than the foregoing five-and-twenty years of his life. The Hervey 'Memoirs,'—the hackneyed sarcasms of our Augustan essayists, who criticized an art, of the first principles and bearings of which they were ignorant, and to which they were perversely unsympathetic,—the correspondences of Walpole and Gray,—the later collections of Hawkins, Burney, Smith, and Mainwaring,—and the most recent monographs and prefaces by Mr. Townsend and Dr. Kimbault,—offer an ample store of known material for the narrative of Handel's opera contests and oratorio triumphs; and of these M. Schœlcher has diligently availed himself,—not, however, having added much to their store, or cemented them tastefully or with discretion. There is too much irrelevant matter: the amount of small and temporary personalities is too abundant. We cannot accredit the judgment of a writer who defends, or even admits as a possibility, the performance of oratorios with action,—who speaks, as M. Schœlcher permits himself to do, p. 229, of 'L'Allegro' as a text for music,—the 'Allegro' of one John Milton, who happened, besides being a poet, to be, also, a practical musician and organ-player. We must think him Quixotic when he goes out of his way

to commemorate two hearings in London of "Bach's admirable 'Passion' as executed in the most perfect manner, precisely as it was first composed,"—these being the disastrous and incorrect executions of that difficult oratorio, which live by their badness in the memory of every English lover of Bach. It is straining an advocate's privilege, too, to talk of Handel's "pretended thefts" as nothing "but accidental resemblances, fugitive and quite involuntary,"—when he refers to the confessed adoption "of the Piferari hymn in the little pastoral Symphony." We could extend the list of examples, as indicating want of judgment, to a much greater length, were not the above sufficient.—Further, though it may have been inevitable for M. Schœlcher to rely, in the analyzing of Handel's works, on musical friends—Madame Viardot, Mr. Rophino Lacy, and others—we cannot share his implicit confidence that the task has been performed completely, or on any system. The Report, by Mr. Lacy, on the 'Occasional Oratorio'—which M. Schœlcher has adopted—very insufficiently describes the copy of the work before us. Hard labour is taken to prove that Dr. Arne stole 'Rule Britannia' from the song, 'Prophetic visions'—coincidences being printed in musical type which are curious as proofs of appropriation, tendered by one so resolute to deny theft when a Handel is the appropriator—but we find Mr. Lacy saying in his analysis, after that song, "Next comes 'To God our strength,'"—whereas, in our copy, next to the song in question comes a grand chorus (transferred from 'Athaliah'),—then another song and chorus, a *bravura* for a *soprano*, and a duet, and then 'To God our strength.' There are, no doubt, differences in copies and MSS., which, as in the case of the editions of Shakespeare's Plays, is a difficulty to be faced by any one analytically dealing with the works of Handel. But in this book the difficulty is met (to say the least of it) inefficiently, if even it have been apprehended.

M. Schœlcher announces for another volume a complete Catalogue of Handel's Works, which may give us occasion to return to the subject. We cordially agree with him in looking up to this as the first among subjects of musical interest. If we have spoken plainly of his shortcomings in the section of his work already completed, it has been in the fullness of this conviction,—and from no desire to give pain to one whose honesty and enthusiasm are obvious from the first page to the last. But the life of Handel has still to be written.

The Practical Angler; or, the Art of Trout-Fishing, more particularly applied to Clear Water. By W. C. Stewart. (Edinburgh, Black.)

ALTHOUGH this book be on Angling, there is something new in it. We feel bound to say thus much at the outset; for any one might be excused for believing that all that could be written on this subject had been accomplished long ago. Mr. Stewart, however, has given additional value to a pleasant little volume by his expression of some original views and assertions, based upon experience. There exists, even among the most skilful anglers, a generally accepted idea, that there is less chance of success in clear than in dark-coloured waters. Mr. Stewart is authorized, by the results of his practice, to be convinced that the chances are nearly equal under either contingency. It is, of course, a little more difficult to deceive trout in clear water than in coloured; but this book is written expressly to enable the angler to surmount that difficulty. The author disclaims all right to being called "amusing."

He rests his claims to the attention of the angling community, for whom alone he writes, on the ground of the information he conveys. If the angler, he says, finds nothing instructive in his book, he will certainly find nothing amusing. For our own parts, we can honestly declare that this little book is really both amusing and instructive,—an assertion which we proceed to prove by one or two brief extracts.—

"In some parts of England, trout have almost disappeared, and the angler has been compelled to have recourse to meaner sport; but in Scotland trout are more plentiful than any other fish, and trout-fishing is within the reach of all. The difficulty is not to tell a river where good sport may be had, but to tell a river in which good sport may not be had, if properly gone about. During August and September this season (1856), a professional angler has been residing in Edinburgh, going in the morning to Almond Water, and returning in the evening with large basketsful of trout, the proceeds of which maintain himself and family. Yet Almond Water is a byword with Edinburgh amateurs, who think it barely worth fishing. But Dryden, the 'professional' alluded to, says there are few waters which contain more trout, and he is of opinion that there are at least a hundred stone weight of trout in one pool near Cramond. He is also of opinion, that during the proper season, twenty pounds weight of trout might easily be taken in the Water of Leith above Balerno."

Mr. Stewart, very wisely, adopts the theory that the greater the weight of trout captured, the greater the sport; and, he adds, "there are not three days, perhaps not even a single day, from May to October, in which an angler, thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of the craft, should not kill at least twelve pounds weight of trout, in any county in the south of Scotland, not excepting Edinburghshire itself; and"—and this indicates the exact purpose of his book—"to describe the way in which this may be done is our object in this small volume."

Then follow his purely instructive chapters on the Equipment of an Angler, on Flies, Fly-fishing, and Fly-dressing, on Angling with the Worm—a species of fishing against which there is a prejudice on the part of overproud or inefficient artists; and he concludes with chapters on May-fly, Minnow and Parrot, and Loch Fishing, winding up all with an "Application," which is as good as anything in the volume. Throughout, the instructions are clear. The uninitiated will be surprised to read some of them. An ordinary man might suppose that the fly which would tempt a trout from a river would also draw him from a loch. It is far otherwise. There are loch flies and river flies; and the loch trout would suspect danger if he saw one of the latter skimming above his crystal haunt. The following shows how the hearing of the trout is less acute than the sight:—

"With regard to the much-vexed question of a trout's hearing, it seems evident that no noise made out of the water can be heard by a trout in it. Guns have been fired not many yards from trout, but they exhibited no symptoms of alarm, which they would certainly have done had they heard; and though some English works upon angling caution the angler against speaking aloud at the water side for fear of alarming the fish, this much is certain, that neither by speaking, nor any other noise the angler can make, is there the least danger of alarming them. They have frequently been caught below a railway bridge at the very time a train was passing overhead. Of all the senses trout possess, that of sight is the most perfect, and is the one which most affects the angler in pursuit of his vocation. Naturalists say that the appearance and structure of the eye do not lead to the conclusion that their sight is very acute; but the angler has every reason to believe otherwise. They can detect

the smallest fly even in running water; and at night, when it is so dark that the angler cannot see his flies, or even his rod, trout will see and seize a midge fly, which certainly argues the possession of extraordinary powers of vision. Their eyes are situated in the front of their head, and looking sideways, so that they not only see in front, but also on both sides of them, and even a little behind."

His appetite, however, is undeniable,—and there is something like mind about him, too.—

"The trout is unquestionably a voracious feeder, and when hungry is not at all particular as to what it satisfies its appetite upon. Flies and aquatic insects of all descriptions, minnows and other small fish, worms, beetles, snails, and frogs are equally victims to its rapacity; nor does it feel any compunctions in devouring the smaller members of its own species. We once, when angling with the minnow in Leader Water, caught a trout of five or six ounces in weight with the tail of a fish protruding about an inch from its mouth, on pulling out which we found it to be a trout in a partially digested state, which, when its neighbour swallowed it, must have weighed at least two ounces. This did not prevent it from rising at the minnow, but its mouth being so full it could not get hold of it, and it was only after repeated rises that it was caught by the outside of the mouth. All this might lead to the supposition that trout would be easily captured; but this is a great error. They are the most wary of all fish, displaying a caution and sagacity in taking their food truly astonishing. They are also the most capricious of all fish, taking greedily one day what they will hardly look at next. The wariness which trout display varies greatly according to circumstances. A well-fed trout is at all times more wary than a half-starved one, as it can afford to allow a suspicious looking fly or bait to pass, whereas the other cannot. In rivers much fished, trout, although sometimes numerous, become very shy; seeing artificial flies so often, and being deceived by them, they detect their nature, thus showing that they are, to some extent, possessed of memory."

If the trout swallows its own kind, it meets with acquaintances who have an alacrity in swallowing it. We remember once landing a jack from a well-stocked piece of water between Dunkeld and Blair Athol, in whose stomach lay a trout that could not have been more than a minute or two engulphed; and yet the jack had dashed at fresh bait as greedily as if he had not tasted food for a month.

We have had regard, in our extracts, to the amusing pages in 'The Practical Angler.' They who require to be told how to be as successful in clear as in dark waters must study the lessons patiently and intelligently given by a master of more than fifteen years' experience.

New General Biographical Dictionary, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day—[*Nouvelle Biographie Générale, &c.*] Published by MM. Firmin Didot frères, under the direction of Dr. Hoefer. Vols. I.—XII. A—D. (Paris, Didot; London, Nutt.)

WITH a love of biography at least equal to that of other nations, and some admirable examples in our literature of isolated biographies, we have not been fortunate in our collections of lives. Biographical chips, according to some men's notions, are the constituent parts of such works; and, if they be but arranged in alphabetical series, the book is thought to be complete. We have had writers of such books who have endeavoured to counterbalance the deficiencies of their text by an ingenious patchwork of notes. These often contain valuable information; but how disjointed—how disproportionate—how entirely without relief—the whole mass becomes. The great fault of our collections is, that all due relation between the component parts is lost. Things of entirely different importance are put upon a par. The far-off and

the near—the peculiarities which constituted the special individual and the incidents which were common to him and millions of other people—all share alike; all are detailed with the same minuteness or the same meagreness. We are not sure that there exists anywhere Biographical Dictionaries such as a critic could entirely approve. But certainly those of many other nations throw our own into the shade.

The French are better off in this respect than ourselves. The 'Biographie Universelle,' with many faults, is yet an admirable work. The lives are written in a true biographical spirit. They are put together with cleverness. The writers never forget that they are dealing with persons who were not only writers of books or actors in the busiest scenes of life, but men and women—creatures of flesh and blood.

The work before us is, in some respects, a new edition of the 'Biographie Universelle'; but it differs from it in the introduction of notices of living personages and in throwing the biographical net far more widely. The Editors profess to be careful in proportioning the length of their articles to the real celebrity of the persons treated of. Of course, this is extremely difficult, especially when dealing with living subjects or persons recently deceased. It is a good thing to find the Editors alive to the propriety. In some cases they have certainly succeeded.

We turn to the English portion of such a work with a feeling of considerable apprehension. Mistakes, calculated to make the publication ridiculous in English eyes, are but too much to be apprehended in any work relating to England, or Englishmen, published amongst our quick and clever neighbours. This work is not without such blunders. Our "Catch Club" will scarcely recognize itself as the "Gathe Club," nor can we acknowledge that "the Pence and Happiness of the World" are the immediate design of Christianity. "Drydenon" is not a very easily recognizable form of the name of Michael Drayton, nor is "a G." a common mode of spelling "against"; but such things are not very numerous. Other, and more important, mistakes occur also in the English articles,—some of them so strange that it needs considerable experience in the universal aptitude to blunder to lessen our surprise at their occurrence. What could possibly have given rise to the assertion that Archee, the well-known jester of James the First, became, on the death of his old master, the fool of his great enemy and inveterate persecutor, Archbishop Laud?—or who that is acquainted with Asser's 'History of the Reign of Alfred'—the foundation of all our personal knowledge of the great Anglo-Saxon sovereign—will learn without astonishment that we only know one thing about Asser's historical work, which is, that it was written in 893 or 894? It is strange to find two biographies of Carey, Earl of Monmouth, neither of them at all like the other; and many other things equally strange might be quoted with ease; but, after all, the book, merely in its English portion, deserves to be well spoken of, as containing many things which will be extremely useful to our literary inquirers. It is especially so when, not depending on our own accounts of the lives of our worthies, the Editors give their own notions of the position and merits of our celebrated men. The French leave thus taken often conduces to amusing and instructive results.

The introduction of articles on living persons throws round the book an air of present interest, and affords the writers opportunities of dilating, sometimes indirectly, on questions of modern policy. We are not sure that, on the whole, this is a good thing in a Biographical

Dictionary, but it certainly renders it interesting. Thus, *Abd-el-Kader* gives a plea for dis-couraging on the African policy of France, and becomes a good set-off to a long article on *Alcibiades*. *Aberdeen* (Georges Gordon, comte d'), had the book been published a little later, would have given a similar text for descanting on the foreign policy of England. Now, the article which is not free from mistakes, is but little remarkable, and we must wait for a lecture on our foreign affairs until we come to Palmerston or some one else.

Turning over the volumes, and reading an article here and there, any one may see the character of the work, and the evident pains bestowed upon its preparation. We observe at once, for example, that much attention is given to medical articles; but *Abernethy* dismissed in half a column seems scarcely consistent with the four pages devoted to *Astley Cooper*. Musicians come in for their full share of notice, witness *Auber*, the *Bachs*, and *Boieldieu*. Nor are the great lights of the Church overlooked. *Augustine* runs to an enormous length; and *Ambrose*, *Athanasius*, *Bernard*, and *Clement* are equally important examples. More modern worthies of that class are not forgotten: *Arminius*, *Calvin*, and *Bossuet* are valuable articles. Enthusiasts are represented by *Cavalier* and *Brigham Young*; the latter article contains a very able delineation of Mormonism. Travellers and naturalists occupy large space. *Cook*, *Banks*, and *Bruce* share the ground with *Columbus*, *Burckhardt*, *Bonpland*, and *Cuvier*. Philosophers are well represented by *Aristotle* and *Bacon*, *D'Alembert*, *Condorcet*, and *Condillac*. Artists number *Callot*, *Canova*, and *Dahl*. Kings are thrown together under their Christian names. The *Alexanders*, the *Charleses*, and the *Constantines* are grouped in masses. *Cromwell* stands apart. Military heroes receive all due honour. Those of England have often a little French gloss thrown over their achievements, but on such subjects Englishmen have little right to complain. Poetry stands before us in *Corneille*, *Crebillon*, *Byron*, and *Cervantes*. Literature is everywhere throughout the work. *Chateaubriand*, *Cicero*, *Boniface*, *Bichat*, *Cesar*, *Alberoni*, and many others, furnish admirable articles.

The work deserves encouragement in this country as well as in France. Until we have a Biographical Dictionary which may stand comparison with the works of other countries, we must be thankful to other nations for taking this kind of work off our hands, and especially when it is accomplished so ably as in the volumes before us. Presided over by a sensible person, and parcelled out amongst competent hands—that is, amongst the very best that could be got, each dealing with his special subject, the work would not be difficult of accomplishment. Hitherto all our attempts have been deserved failures. The time is not far distant, we trust, when we shall be able to make a better report. In the meanwhile no library in England should fail to secure a copy of the 'Biographie Générale.'

A Personal Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage; with Numerous Incidents of Travel and Adventure during nearly Five Years' Continuous Service in the Arctic Regions while in Search of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin. By Alex. Armstrong, M.D., R.N. (Hurst & Blackett.)

ALTHOUGH the story of discovery of a North-West Passage has been told, yet as the narrative was published through editorial medium, Dr. Armstrong, as the chief medical officer of the Expedition, conceives that,

having daily noted the events of his memorable voyage precisely as they occurred, his account of them, published at the request of his former shipmates, will not be uninteresting. He adds, however, that his principal object has been to do justice to every one engaged in a voyage which, for its duration and privations, heroism, devotion, and endurance, has never been surpassed.

A cursory perusal of Dr. Armstrong's book is sufficient to show that he is no eulogist of Capt. McClure. At the threshold of the Arctic Regions, when the Investigator had passed through Behring's Strait, and her consort, the Enterprise, was some distance astern, considerable apprehension was felt that Capt. Kellett, of the Herald, the senior officer on the station, would detain the Investigator to await the chances of the arrival of the Enterprise. Capt. Kellett was aware that the latter ship was behind; but, observes Dr. Armstrong,—

"As the truth must be told, an opposite state of the case was urged on him. Capt. McClure maintained that the Enterprise was a head of us, and in support of which, retained the private letters he had for Capt. Collinson for early delivery. The impossibility of such being the case I have already shown—of course, no person could truly entertain an opinion to the contrary, and I am sure Capt. Kellett had too much sagacity not to see the true state of things. This I must confess we all rejoiced at, as we were anxious to get on, from a general feeling entertained that our consort had neglected us. But he was evidently unwilling to assume the responsibility of detaining us."

With reference to the reflections on Capt. Collinson having abandoned his consort, we may observe that this officer is, we believe, writing the narrative of his own remarkable voyage, and that he will doubtless be able to meet all the statements to this effect in a satisfactory manner.

Dr. Armstrong invests Point Warren with additional interest. There, it may be remembered, Esquimaux were seen who reported that a European had been killed by their tribe, and that his grave was not far from their encampment. The story gains importance as told by Dr. Armstrong, who, it appears, when sitting next to the old Esquimaux chief, observed a button suspended from his ear. This,—

"on examination, I found to be a flat metal button of English manufacture, with the word 'London' stamped in a circular form on its inner surface. I immediately directed Capt. McClure's attention to the circumstance; and inquiries at once began as to the mode in which it came into his possession, when we heard the startling intelligence that an Indian, like ourselves, as they said, had been killed not far from where we stood. The name of Indian is applied to all people dissimilar to themselves; and the interpreter concluded it was a European; but when the deed was done, it was impossible to determine, from their inability to compute time with accuracy. The son, who was about twenty-seven years of age, said, on being questioned, it might have been last year, or when he was a boy; but on this point we could not in any way ascertain the truth, and were left in a state of painful anxiety. It appeared that a party had landed on the extreme of Point Warren, distant from where we were some three or four miles, continuous with the main land, where they erected a hut similar to the one we were in, of an oval form, nine paces in length and six in breadth, formed of wood cut with a knife; and they expressed great desire to have an axe or hatchet, of which they appeared to know the use. The old chief expressed his willingness to accompany us to the locality, and, indeed, appeared anxious that we should visit it; but his offer was declined. The alleged Indian had approached their encampment alone, was guilty of some indiscretion which excited their fury, and led to his being murdered and interred in the mound, which the interpreter had

rightly judged to be the grave of a European. They also informed us that the man who had killed him had fled from the encampment that morning in his 'kayak,' on first seeing the ship, fearing that we had come to chastise him or his tribe for the offence, in accordance with their own savage custom of revenge. Could this circumstance have accounted for the appearance of a man in European costume, as reported by several persons on board; the only vestige of which that we could discover was the button I had noticed? An examination of the grave, as originally intended, might have cleared up this very mysterious story; for the preservative powers of frozen soil would keep the body for years in a state of freshness; and I regretted then, as I still do, that this was not permitted."

In this regret all must share who desire to see the great Arctic mystery unveiled. Dr. Armstrong's account of this story is, however, valuable, because it strengthens the evidence already existing that the Esquimaux inhabiting the shores of the north coast of America are in all probability cognizant of the fate of our lost countrymen; and that, by careful and diligent examination, they may be led to disclose sufficient particulars to enable us to arrive at a just conclusion respecting the Erebus and Terror.

The perils encountered during the voyage form, of course, a prominent feature in Dr. Armstrong's narrative. Here we have one of the Investigator's most remarkable escapes, and, at the same time, evidence of the value of blasting operations to the ice-bound voyager.—

"We lay not only helplessly fixed, but absolutely embedded, borne along amidst the appalling commotion of huge masses grinding and crushing each other, still nearing the shore, and approaching the berg, from which we were then not more than a few feet distant. Every man stood firm and silent at his post, with a knapsack at his side. The sick I had ordered to be brought on deck, that in the event of the ship being suddenly crushed, they, too, might have a chance of escape. Nothing was heard but the dismal sound of the ice around us. We slowly but steadily approached the berg, against which our stern post at length came in contact. The pressure continuing, every timber of the ship's solid framework loudly complained, and we momentarily expected to see her ripped in pieces, or thrown upon the beach. Most fortunately, however, the destructive effect of the blasting, so judiciously had recourse to a few hours previously, then told in our favour; as the mass opened in three places, their fragments separating from each other, diminished the power of resistance, otherwise our fate would have been at once decided. At the moment of coming in contact, the continuance of the pressure carried away the stream chain, broke one nine, and two six inch halsers, as if they had been whip-cord, stove in our strong bulwarks, crumpled up the copper as if it had been paper; at the same time, it swept the ship's bow towards the beach, elevated her a few feet, and threw her over on the port side eighteen degrees. The direct force of the pressure became thereby diminished, and when in breathless anticipation of being driven on the beach, that catastrophe was averted by the interposition of a Merciful Providence. The motion in the ice then suddenly ceased, we having been borne helplessly for a short distance further along shore, in close contact with the broken-up berg. At the moment the halsers were carried away, Capt. McClure gave orders to let them go, that the ship might be thrown on the beach, to afford us shelter during the winter, instead of being crushed, and sunk, as we expected. I can never forget the sensation I experienced during the short period of this terrible conflict. Every timber in the ship groaned in the most direful and ominous language of complaint, the masts shook, and as I stood on the quarter-deck, the planks beneath my feet vibrated, as if in the act of starting up. I put my hand on the capstan, about to spring upon it for safety, when the pressure suddenly ceased."

Dr. Armstrong finds great fault with Capt. McClure for not having availed himself of

open water to push eastward. He observes:—

"I am firmly of opinion, that our tardiness on these several occasions, where an easterly advance, however trifling, was of vital consequence, and when opportunities occurred for making it, exercised a fatal influence on the voyage of the Investigator."

But he considers that entering Mercy Bay at the north of Banks' Land was "the fatal error of our voyage," and adds, "I am firmly convinced that, had we not entered this bay, but boldly pushed into the pack, it would have led to a consummation of all our ardent hopes and wishes." How the officers and crew of the Investigator were rescued, and how that ship was abandoned in Mercy Bay, are matters of history upon which no new light is now thrown.

The log-book detail of Dr. Armstrong's narrative will be more appreciated by the sailor than by the general reader. At the same time, those who take an interest in Arctic adventure will not consider the present work superfluous or tedious, for besides entering into a critical examination of Capt. McClure's skill as an Arctic navigator, it gives a very precise, and on the whole well-written, account of one of the most remarkable voyages in the Arctic seas.

Russia after the War. The Narrative of a Visit to that Country in 1856. By Selina Bunbury. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THOUGH St. Petersburg, last year, can in no respect be paralleled with Paris after the battle of Waterloo, it was to be foreseen that so soon as "those English" could get in, under the talisman of the olive branch, a host of inquisitive countrymen and countrywomen would pour thither;—some eager to see how the people looked when the war was over,—others with that futile hope of ascertaining the state of popular feeling, which so amusingly buoys up many a bold Briton, incapable of little beyond offering those among whom he circulates (so far as he can make them understand him) the comfortable assurance that their institutions are bad, and themselves much to be pitied. Then, further to make Russia in 1856 attractive, there was a pageant anticipated to be semi-fabulous in its splendour and strangeness, and which (the spectators agree) outdid expectation. Miss Bunbury seems naturally to have gone to Russia, because, apparently, she is "working out" the North of Europe in her own way. That way somewhat reminds us of Madame Pfeiffer. To get everywhere,—to be daunted by nothing, whether it be the dirt of a boor's hayloft, or the diamonds of a royal presence; and to be satisfied by the fact of having been—and having seen—and having endured, feats like these imply some of the most precious requisites for a traveller; when they do not tend to make the mere act supersede the results,—which seems to be the case with Miss Bunbury. She writes in a cheerful spirit, and her subjects are sufficiently marked and attractive; but we have derived hardly a single picture from her pages,—hardly a solitary touch or tint to add to the brightness and distinctness of the scenes brought before us by her predecessors who have seen the North,—to name only two, Miss Wilmot, and the Lady of the Baltic Letters.

Half the first volume is devoted to the arrival at St. Petersburg,—to the impediments which shackle tourists there (including a chapter on a lost portmanteau),—and to the sights of the place. Possibly, a Sunday evening scene in the Church of Our Lady of Kasan is as bright as anything in these volumes. Miss Bunbury had already seen a baptism, and written sen-

tences concerning that rite as performed in the Church of England.—

"Harry startled me from a sort of vision of an English baptism which had floated before me and hid the church of our Lady of Kasan from my view. 'There is something else coming on,' he whispered; and looking round I saw a number of persons had entered, and a different ceremony was to take place—it was a marriage. These take place in the evening, and Sunday evening is the most common. On this occasion nothing had been made ready beforehand, but there was already a gleam, in the gloom of the church, of white dresses, and of a long thin veil of that unmeaning character which only falls over the back, leaving the face, neck, and arms of the wearer quite uncovered. There stood a group of young ladies in pink and blue tarletans and a few elderly ones in more subdued attire, with a little bride all in white muslin and a garland of white flowers in her hair. There were no shawls, no defences against the piercing cold of that great church; and there they stood with a great many of the other and better covered sex, while the arrangements for uniting one of each group together were being made. For this purpose a carpet was brought out and stretched on the floor of the church, not even within sight of the altar. A moveable altar that resembled a reading desk was placed on this carpet; but when the priest appeared he found some fault with the arrangement, and another longer carpet was brought forth and laid down, extending to a wide space around the temporary altar. At the verge of this carpet, opposite to the altar, the bridegroom and bride were placed alone, the assistants standing at one side. The former was a very slight youth, with a parboiled sort of aspect; the bride, chosen as a contrast, was very plump and comfortable looking. The marriage ceremony is a very prolonged one in the Russian church; I should think from beginning to end a full hour and half was devoted to it, and this in a cold church is perhaps salutary as tending to strengthen that essential requisite for entering on matrimonial felicity, the virtue of patience, particularly as no food must be tasted on the wedding day until after that ceremony is over, which is usually eight or nine o'clock in the evening. The reason of this abstinence is, that the eucharist is received. The bridegroom looked decidedly the worse for his fast, but the bride none the worse for hers. They walked hand in hand to the edge of the carpet; and there is a tradition among the people that whosoever foot touches it first will have the upper hand in the affairs of wedded life. I did fancy there was a slightly quickened movement of the white satin shoe as it drew near the decisive spot; but the dresses are now conveniently long, and the bride looked wise enough to make such success secret, and obtain the power to rule by apparently forfeiting the right to do so. A long lighted taper was placed in the hand of each; of course every act was a symbolism, and to those who have the key symbolism I believe is highly interesting. The light, however, if reflected on the face of a lovely girl, all blushes, smiles, and tears, would have had a charming effect. Here, however, there was neither a blush, smile, nor tear. The round, dark eyes of the bride looked steadily before her, even as she bowed and crossed. As for the bridegroom, he appeared as if under some apprehension that agents of the secret police stood behind him in the person of the bridesman, for his head jerked perpetually to one side, with a side-long glance directed a little backwards, as if he feared there would be a seizure of himself or his charming prize. The chanting however went on, and we could have listened with pleasure if it were not for some strange-looking man in a long cloak, who in an under-tone, so as to be heard only by one who stood close to him kept burlesquing the whole service. The bridegroom gave his bride a ring, and she simultaneously gave him one in return; these rings were exchanged three times with great celerity. As they knelt side by side, with the lighted tapers in their hands, the sight was pretty. The eucharist was administered in the usual way; but as a distinct part of the ceremony, which has its own symbolism, that of domestic unity and community, a cup of wine was handed to them, which they drank together. Two immense crowns

were brought forth, and two bridesmen, now coming into action, held one over each head. A formal speech or exhortation to all matrimonial virtues was delivered, and the priest taking each by the hand led them three times, not round the church, but round the carpet that surrounded the temporary altar. The nuptial benediction was received kneeling. Emotion then coloured the bride's cheek, and trembled in her steady eye. Who could receive it unmoved? At that moment the practice is to let off a pair of pigeons, supposed to be turtle-doves, in the church. I saw the birds afterwards, but did not see them let loose. As soon as this long ceremonial was complete, the wedded pair took hands and followed the priest to the altar-screen, where the bridegroom placed his bride before a picture which she kissed; then kneeling down, touched her forehead rapidly to the ground, rose up, and bent down again, until the legitimate three times being accomplished, she went to the opposite side, where her newly made husband had, in a much more careless way, performed his devotions; and he crossed over to that she left, but did not, to the praise of his bride he said, acquit himself half so well. At each descent she had made, one of the bridesmen who stood by was ready to assist her to rise, always putting out a hand for that purpose; but her alacrity needed no manner of assistance. When this was over all was concluded but the work of kissing, and this was truly no small part of the ceremony. Not only the friends and relatives, but the bystanders aspired to a kiss. One poor girl of the lower classes seemed particularly anxious for one, as if hoping that a bride's kiss must bring good luck; but the bride turned away from her, and positively refused the salute."

"Our Own Correspondent" would have tied the knot in as many words as the lines given by the Lady to the ceremony,—and, what is more, would have done the job far better.

Under the *chaperonage* of a confident young lady—"Mansell Malvina" *Somebody*,—who took the fancy into her head of forcing her way into the strong place of Sveaborg, Miss Bunbury accomplished that impossible adventure. But the English lady honestly owns that she did not take the eyes of understanding among the case-mates, battlements, ravelins, or other defences of the place. As clear an account thereof might have been written by any English lady who had never been there; and who thus had not added to that repute for pertinacity (to speak tenderly) which our roaming countrywomen, from Lady Londonderry downwards, have done so much of late years to stamp on the character of the Englishwoman among our allies and enemies abroad. To use the battering-ram of resolution and female blandishment by way of forcing open those precious private apartments, where kings, princes, and financiers hide their curiosities, has its explanation, if not its excuse; but where is the grace of being handed from guard-house to shaft in the rock, from fosse to bastion, merely that on coming out the visitor, if not too weary, may clap her hands and cry "Well! I told you we would get in; and get in we did! But there was nothing worth seeing?"

Moscow and the Coronation (including visits to St. Serge's Monastery and to the New Jerusalem) are the subjects of Miss Bunbury's second volume,—a third of which is made up of scissor-information on the state of Russia. But the lady shared in the general bewilderment, which few spectators of those unparagoned ceremonies seem to have been able to resist; and coming a year after the London morning papers, as she does, her book can hardly please any save those who delight in what they have heard before told over again with large dilutions.—So far as we recollect, it is the palest and most vague of her three records of Northern travel.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

English and Scottish Sketches. By an American. (White.)—These Sketches are very pretty when the artist merely shows us Melrose by moonlight, Mrs. Hemans's parlour, or Lindley Murray's country-house; but when he draws the portrait of the British aristocracy with a pen full of black, angry ink, he produces a series of blots, which only mar his subject, without even vexing the reader beyond raising a vague idea that the nobility tax the country with the rapacity of ogres and live upon the proceeds. When the Duke of — arrives at the same hotel in Liverpool he rushes down to the hall to see him, and can hardly realize the fact that a member of such an oligarchical family is not a monster in form. He next "pitches into" the *Times*, which he says does not represent the most popular opinions of the nation, but is only read from habit. Having vented his republican spleen on these two victims, with a few scratches at the Puseyites, he calmly philosophizes over Swedenborg's grave, in the Swedish chapel near Ratcliffe Highway, within a small, quiet square: as he says, "Swedenborg's remains, like his writings, must be sought for to be found." Few, even of his admirers, know, perhaps, that he now sleeps in a sealed vault, because his bones "were once disturbed by a desecrating hand." It was on an occasion of the vaults being opened for the interment of a Swedish ambassador or consul. One of the attendants at the funeral, a Swedish ship-captain, ventured to open Swedenborg's coffin, and it is said, actually brought away the skull, concealed in his handkerchief. His object, it appears, was to make gain of it, by having a number of casts taken, and disposing of them to Swedenborg's disciples and admirers. He was disappointed, however, in his object: he did not understand the character of the readers of Swedenborg's writings. He found that they were too spiritual-minded to be worshippers of relics, in any sense; and as to Swedenborg, it was not his skull that they were interested in, but his mind,—and that they already possessed in his invaluable writings. From them, therefore, he received no encouragement. As the story continues, the captain, soon after, suddenly died; and the skull, together with the rest of his effects, came into the possession of the Swedish consul. The circumstance, coming to the ears of a distinguished lady in Sweden, a devoted admirer of Swedenborg's writings,—she, shocked at the desecration, at once earnestly interested herself in getting the skull restored to the place whence it was taken. This was accordingly done, and the remains have since lain undisturbed.—A chapter on Anglicisms tries to pay us off for quizzing the "guessing" system,—says the term "Yankee" was first applied to us,—recommends an occasional visit to Lindley Murray to Britishers as well as Americans. Once over the Border, he relapses into the pleasing descriptive style, with plenty of moral musing,—ending by a visit to that dragon in his den, a reviewer,—and, most terrible of all, Lord Jeffery, who did not, however, cut him up for breakfast, but, on the contrary, hospitably shared that meal with him, plentifully seasoned with praise of America, which was swallowed by our Sketcher with an avidity most amusing to those who recollect some of the opinions of the *Edinburgh*, when Transatlantic affairs were a favourite sparring topic of the day.

Greenwood Manor House. A Novel. By Esther Bakewell. (Hall & Co.)—This is a strange, disagreeable story. The worldly daughter of a reduced gentlewoman enters, as a poor relation, into the family of some unpleasant kinsfolk, in the hope of escaping poverty, and of "seeing life." The amiable one, left alone with her parent, who is brought down to that stinging penury which alas! can be real,—but which does not in such cases as Mrs. Maitland's arrive without more monition beforehand—takes to public singing. The wicked one, wretched in her life of dependence, becomes liable to an accusation of theft. The innocent singer is on the point of winning for herself "golden joys," when fate tumbles into the lap of the reduced gentlewoman a morsel of pure gold. A fortune turns up, the fame of the suspected worldling is cleared, and the uneducated artist is stopped

in her career of self-sacrifice. All the party are very unlike any living beings whom we have ever known—all are very happy at the close of their trials.

Essays. By Theophilus Parsons. Second Series. (Boston, Crosby & Co.)—It is ten years since Mr. Parsons published his first series. The second is issued "from a conviction that it is not right to withhold what may do some good only because it cannot do much." Six topics are discussed:—The Seeming and the Actual; the Senses; the Ministry of Sorrow; the Sabbath; the Foundation of Duty; and Death and Life. The spirit of the book is that of devotional philosophy, the style that of the New Church pulpit, modified by the criticism of the study. Mr. Parsons has views of his own, and brings to their exposition a certain amount of ingenious illustration.

The jest about Bacon and Shakspeare is going too far. Here we have Mr. W. H. Smith cracking another dull joke upon the subject, under the title *An Inquiry touching Players, Play-Houses, and Play-Writers in the Days of Queen Elizabeth*, by a gentleman who has no knowledge whatever of the period. We refuse to discuss the question any further—until one fact at least is produced against Shakspeare or one fact at least in favour of Bacon.—*An Illustrated Vocabulary for the Use of the Deaf and Dumb* is a book of pictures, in which letters and ideas are conveyed to the mind through a large succession of woodcuts representing natural objects.—Vol. III. of a useful little work called *The Annals of England: an Epitome of English History* has been published by Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker, of the Strand. The text is founded on original research, and the matter is clearly and chronologically arranged.—A general appeal to the country has produced, among other results, *A Manual of the Practice of Elections in the United Kingdom*, by H. J. Bushby, Barrister. Besides the usual explanation of statutes, the work contains the statutes themselves and lists of useful forms.—Mr. Cornish's *Guide to Manchester and Salford* is a timely help to those about to flock northward in search of Raphaels and Correggios.—With this work we may also class the *Catalogue of the Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom*, by the various officers of departments.—We have received the new number of *The Polar Star*, in Russian.—and Part I. of *The Comprehensive History of England*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Thomason. This work is to be based on the 'Pictorial History of England,' and to be adorned with upwards of a thousand illustrations.—Mr. Brough has issued Part I. of *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, with illustrations by Mr. George Cruikshank.—At the end of this paragraph of miscellanies we may announce the appearance of a large folding *Map of Australia*, published by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, from the latest French and English surveys. In form and legibility this is one of the very best maps of Australia we know.—Mr. Murray has issued an *Atlas of North America*, including the United States, the Canadas, Mexico, Central America, and the islands of Cuba and Jamaica, with letter-press by Prof. Rogers and maps by Mr. A. K. Johnston. It is remarkable for neatness and completeness of workmanship.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Amusing Library. 'Amusing Poetry,' ed. by Shirley Brooks, 7s. *Amusing Library.* 'Parodies Abroad and at Home,' 2s. 6d. *Bacon & Shakspeare.* *Enquiry touching Players,* &c. by Smith, 2s. 6d. *Baillie's Life Studies.* 6s. 2s. 6d. *Baillie's Phantasies and Phantasies.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. *Barth's Travels in Africa, 1849–55.* Vols. 1 to 3, 6s. 6d. *Berke's Fashionable Court and Country Guide.* A part of 3s. 6d. *Bradshaw's Illustrated Guide to Manchester.* 2s. 6d. *Briggs's India and Europe Compared.* post 8vo. 7s. 6d. *Brue's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.* 4th edit. Vol. 5, 6s. 6d. *Catherine de Vere.* by H. M. W. 6s. 7s. 6d. *Chandler's Visit to Salt Lake.* post 8vo. 3s. 6d. *Choral Wreath (The).* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *Cornish's Guide to Manchester and Salford.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. *Coutts's Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things.* 3d. 1s. 6d. *Dod's Parliamentary Companion for 1857.* new ed. 2s. 6d. *Dod's Analytical Concordance to the Scriptures.* 2nd ed. 5s. 6d. *Echoes from many Minds.* edited by Peppas, 12mo. 2s. 6d. *Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris.* English Notes, ed. by Pittman, 5s. *Evans's The Spirit of Holiness.* 4th edit. 2s. 5s. 6d. *Garden Manual.* 6s. 2s. 6d. *Guide to the House of Commons.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. *Gwendoline and Winifred.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *Hamlyn's Manual for Royal Victoria Park.* Bath. 6s. 6d. *Haskell's Railway Construction.* 3 vols. 2s. 6d. *Hill's Suggestions for the Repression of Crime.* 5s. 12s. 6d. *Job's (Rev. Z.) Memoir.* 'Wise to Win Souls.' by Farmer, 2s. 6d. *Johnson's Life, Health, and Disease.* new edit. 6s. 12s. 6d. *Knights' Life of an Eastern King.* new edit. 6s. 12s. 6d. *Lewis's Biographical History of Philosophers.* Lib. edit. 12s. 6d. *Lib. of Old Authors.* 'Withers Hallelujah.' Intro. by Farr, 2s. *Lizzy's Poems & Pictures for her Young Friends.* oct. illus. 2s. 6d. *Mamma's Lessons about Jesus.* by a Mother, 6s. 2s. 6d. 6d.

Mace and Abernethy's Every Man his own Gardener, 20th edit. by Glimy, 18mo. 6s.
 Melville's Digby Grant, 2d edit. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Melville's Latin Exercises, with Dissertation by Calder, 3d ed. cl.
 Pauline's (The), by Pauline, 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Oliver's Signs & Symbols, in Lect. on Freemasonry, new ed. 7s.
 Patrick's Comment on Testaments & Apocrypha, new ed. 4 vols. 8s.
 Perrot's Elements of French Conversation, by Perrot, new ed. 12s. 6d.
 Perrot's French Reader, by Perrot, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Perry (Sarah S.), Memorials of, edited by Perry, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Precept and Practice, by Henry Moser, 8vo. 3s. 6d. half-bd.
 Public General Statutes, to Victoria, 1857, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. bd.
 Reader's Poetical Works, new ed. 4 vols. 8vo. 20s. cl.
 Reason Why (The), 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Reid's The Quaker, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Reid's The White Chief, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Rendition Chron. of Civil and Eccles. Hist. Vol. 2, 1s. 6d. (Woolle.)
 Sir Colin Cuthbert & Co., or As it is now-a-days, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Wilson's (The), by Authors of "Amy Herbert," 2d edit. 4s. 6d. bd.
 Smith's Bread from Heaven, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl. gilt.
 Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, Vol. 2, 4s.
 Smollett's Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, illust. or. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bd.
 Stanley's Sinai and Palestine, 4th edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Stewart's The Tent and the Khan, 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Tale's Philosophy of Education, 2d edit. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Tegner's Frithiof-Saga, trans. by Blackley, 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Tegner's A Fortune with a Wife, and a Fortune in a Wife, 3s. cl.
 Thorpe's The Rector's Grandchildren, 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Trenchard's (F.) Theological Works, 3 vols. 8vo. 32s. cl.
 Trollope's Manchester Towers, 3 vols. post 8vo. 32s. cl.
 Wallace's The Bible and the Working Classes, new ed. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Wilson's Mother's Story, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Winslow's Morning Thoughts, July to December, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Wright's What is a Bird? 18mo. 3s. cl.
 Writings of Early Christians of 2d Century, by Dr. Giles, 7s. 6d.
 Yates's Elements of Science of Grammar, 8vo. 12s. cl.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—LONDON THE PLACE OF EXHIBITION OF THE ART-INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.—The metropolis of England—indeed we may say of the world—has been long noted for its magnificent exhibitions of national productions. Of late years the skill and ingenuity of labour have been much cultivated both in this country and on the Continent, and whether it be in the production of articles of luxury or of utility, England has contributed its share, and has been pre-eminent for its extent of commerce. Foreign nations look to us in a great measure for the introduction of their designs, and which is manifested more particularly in what is termed "the foreign and fancy trade." One of these large and attractive emporiums within whose walls national productions are exhibited has for some time past been established at the west end of London, at those beautiful and commanding premises, 154, Regent Street, and, under the promptings and able management of Mr. T. A. Simpson. The reputation of that gentleman, from the circumstance of his long connexion with one of the leading firms in the metropolis well known to the aristocracy and the *déité* of fashion, cannot fail to insure him that success which such an undertaking so justly deserves. It is to repositories such as these that our continental manufacturers consign their goods, thus securing to the public a constant succession of novelties in every style of art. The manufactures of Austria in medieval articles are here seen to perfection. Italy also contributes her share of taste and refinement. India, in her precious stones set in courtly ornaments, and her other resources, is here represented. Japan, also, in her very choice specimens of her various manufactures. Germany and Switzerland send their portion of ingenuity and invention. The productions of France in infinite variety form a most leading feature. And last, though not least, our own British manufactures are deserving of every comment, and are as monuments of our national industry. The establishment in question is well worthy of a visit to inspect, bidding fair to outvie all that have hitherto appeared of that class of commercial enterprises. It may indeed justly be termed "An Exhibition of the Art-Industry of All Nations."

NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

THE Exhibition of the Designs for the Proposed New Government Offices attracts great attention. Westminster Hall is daily crowded. It is a most satisfactory competition, and offers a decisive proof of the progress we have made in architecture within the last few years. Nearly two hundred designs have been sent,—illustrated by numerous and beautiful drawings,—the greater part of them most creditable to the talent and industry of their authors. Indeed, so many are excellent that we can only at first notice the general character of the architecture and a few of the designs.

By far the greater number of the plans, and those, we think, the most appropriate for the purpose, are in the style of the French or Italian Renaissance. The Gothic and Mediæval styles have a small band of sturdy champions. Classic architecture in the old fashion hardly makes its appearance. It is, however, well represented in design No. 20, which is grand in effect and in general composition; in which, however, the purpose and necessary construction of the different stories of the building are disguised behind colonnades and other classic features. Our old-established, typical design for public buildings, portico and wings, with the inevitable dome in the centre, seems quite to have vanished from amongst us. These dreams of the antique have given place to a more practical style of design,—resulting in much greater freedom and power of artistic expression.

The revival of Gothic architecture has done us good service, in bringing forward many elements

of design which were stifled under the rule of classic pedantry. No. 140 is an excellent Gothic design, admirable in detail, with great variety and richness of composition. No. 129 is very good, but more meagre in general effect than the last mentioned. Both these designs have the picturesque confusion and quaint appearance so delightful to enthusiasts in this style. No. 116 is also an admirable Gothic design. The details show much invention and a careful study of Italian Gothic examples. But of the Mediæval designs, that which we prefer is No. 35, with the motto "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." This design is Italian in character,—reminding us particularly of Venice: the general composition is simple and grand. The roofs we think poor. A part of the very beautiful detail is shown on a larger scale in a charming drawing, wherein much quaint sculpture is introduced, of men and animals, dear to the fancy of the initiated antiquary, but "caviare to the general." For our part, we are profane enough to think it very pretty, and very childish.

All these four designs are of great merit, and their authors deserve reward for their labours: but we should be sorry to see anything of the kind put into execution. Let the Houses of Parliament suffice: they have been carried out at an unlimited and unreasonable expense, by the ablest architect we have, yet the result is by no means satisfactory. The attempt to revive again the architecture of the middle ages in its integrity is a fond dream, which it is useless to reason upon. When the fashion shall have passed away, it will seem as absurd as the chivalry of the Eglinton tournament or the mummeries at St. Barnabas.

We are indebted to foreigners for several excellent designs. One of the best in the whole Exhibition is by a French artist—No. 12. In general style, it resembles the Louvre or the Tuileries. The mansard and pavilion roofs are characteristic features. The elevation is rich and dignified, without that excessive exuberance of detail, which is the great temptation of this style. The general ground-plan, showing the arrangement of all the different public-offices, deserves particular study.

No. 75, "Deus atque Jus," is also a French design, in the same style. The details are beautiful. The elevations of this and of some other foreign designs are drawn in light pencil-lines, and require a close inspection to be appreciated. It is to be regretted, too, that they are not accompanied by any perspective views.

No. 42, with the motto "True," is a design also in the French style, but in a different character. The general composition is good; the details very effective.

No. 92, "Utilitas," is a capital design. In detail, perhaps too exuberant; and, we think, it would be better without the steeple, or tower, shown at the angle in the perspective views. This design is also in the French style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Altogether, we think this composition one of the best in the Exhibition.

In the design No. 61, "Anglo-Saxon," the artist has given elevations on two styles to the same plan. The one Elizabethan; the other, which we much prefer, in the style of the Italian, or French, Renaissance. Some other competitors have also sent designs in two styles. We cannot commend this practice. The artist must have preferred one of his designs: the other is sent only for a chance of the job.

No. 99 is well illustrated by a number of careful drawings. Its author enters very fully into the questions of approaches to the site and general improvements. These we cannot at present advert to. The principal feature of the architecture is a vast quadrangular dome or pavilion roof in the centre of the design. The style is Italian, the details are good. We do not like two floors being included under one order of columns. In other respects, we think this design among the very best.

No. 177 is a beautiful set of drawings in the Italian style. In this design, as in many others of great merit, the roofs are not made prominent features. We think that they should be, not only as an appropriate feature in this climate, but as they serve to connect different parts of a design. How well (to give a familiar instance) do the roofs

of a cathedral connect the central with the western towers!

To conclude, we repeat that this competition certainly shows a great improvement in architectural art. The designs generally are in good taste, founded on a basis of sound common sense. We are glad to see that our architects, after their long and dreary researches into the past, are at length coming home to the present. Their last stage was in feudal times: they now begin to appreciate the works of their great-grandfathers. At last we may hope that they will come to trust themselves.

We hope that the competitors, having done their part so well, will have reason to be satisfied with their judges. It will be very difficult, and will involve much labour and anxious consideration, to decide conscientiously on such a mass of designs, wherein the majority are good—several are very good—and but few are so bad as to be excluded from all chance of success.

ART-TREASURES AT MANCHESTER.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

THE Historical Portrait Gallery has been reserved for English worthies and unworthies—kings, queens, nobles, poets, lawgivers, lawbreakers, and sages. We begin with a curious Byzantine sort of painting, with a diapered gold background, of that weak-looking fop Richard the Second, with his dull, fat face and hobbledey look, armed with his sceptre, orb, and all the pomp of ill-used sovereignty. Next him is the grave and calculating Henry, who cuckooed the spendthrift strippling—a grim Wickliffe,—and a truculent-looking Richard the Third, nervous and guilty, fidgeting at his signet, as Hollinshed tells he used to do when he was not fingering his dagger or biting his lip. No jury would acquit such a gallows bird. Then by easy stages we move on to Henry the Eighth. His dress is a marvel of jewels, lace, and needlework. On one side of him is his victim the Earl of Surrey, a poet Achilles, dressed like his master and aping his manner, legs straddling and thumb in his girdle. He is all in scarlet, many shades of carnations deepening to blood red, and his robes multitudinous as those of a jockey sweating for a race. A ponderous tassel decorates his pouch and dagger, and his ruffles are of the fairies' needlework. Observe how frank and brave and proud his gaze is compared with Henry's pig eyes and episcopal chin. Lady Jane Seymour has the angular tire, square-cut dress, and hanging sleeves of the period,—formal but in fine taste, or rather tasteful yet not fine. Near her is Wolsey, the butcher's son, with his red cape and hood and crinkly linen sleeves, with his two caps and tasselled Cardinal's hat hanging up close by,—his mouth firm and tight, his chin monastically full, his brow clenched and frowning. He looks more the man to break other men's hearts than his own, this red man, so insolent and swollen with pride. Sir H. Guilford has a lowering brow and an uneasy, dyspeptic look, as if he were musing of the scaffold,—and to him enters that pretty babe of grace Edward the Sixth, at all ages,—fat as a suckling, with cap and feather,—then in his furred robe and dagger, then with his cropped head and ermine and white satin worked with spider's webs of gold,—just the clever child, the phenomenon, born only to go to heaven unstained. We have, too, on the same wall above and below ladies of his father's Court, with their golden sleeves, Venetian tires, angular and jewelled, their pendant gems and straight skirts faced down the middle with pearls and rubies. Leaving Windsor, we come to the Tower and see Spanish Philip with his prominent jaw and squinnying and prying eyes,—and poor, hard-featured Mary, the image of an ill-favoured maid-of-all-work, dull and plain. We have left the matter-of-fact, brown, careful Holbeins, and we come to the Sir Antonio Moreas and the dry, quaint, but more refined Zuecheros. Here is Elizabeth, plain and picked with the caricature nose, full eyes, prim mouth, and reddish hair in all shapes that a harlequin vanity can assume. Now, sentimental and demure, she eyes her thin, long, white hands; now, in a strange white dress and transparent ruff, she treads proudly on the map of England veined with rivers. Now, in an absurd, narrow East-

ern dress of figured chintz or Persian foolscap and blue shoes, she simpers self-approval. Here, again she is borne in a litter in the Hunsdon House procession, nobles in red, white, and green, with short cloaks and rapiers, pacing before her like so many mad dancing-masters. These red walls with the blue labelled names hold a vast number also of lesser worthies. Sir Christopher Hatton, "Lids," as his mistress affectionately called him, with thin, dancing legs, in white rolled stockings and cloth-of-gold breeches,—the ruff quilled to perfection, the suit spotted and of a rare make. Then there is the Earl of Essex, the Deputy of Ireland, in blue and gold with a polished gorget and square beard; and there are men with great, peaked beards, chains, and slashed sleeves. Raleigh, the bold-faced, too, and a wonderful lady with short blue and red gown, red stockings, and green shoes; soon the fardingale widens, the ruff becomes gilt, the men's hair falls and the dress grows more sedate and Spanish, the hand loops in the plain cloak, the slashes vanish. Here is an old Lady Capulet in black and pearls with a crooked cane. Next her flaunts a gayer bird, with red bows, lavender suit and gold-thread borderings, with little feet creeping in and out beneath. Nor must we forget to contrast Mary of Scotland with her greater-souled and less frail cousin of England. Here she is with plain dress and blue cloak and red cross,—her brow broad and full, her features milder and sweeter than her Amazonian rival's. The fringed chairs, the tapestry, the banded armour, the swords, are all significative, and bring before us the outer life of past ages. We remember Raleigh's face as we read of his adventure, and we think of the pearl embroidered suit he donned and the brooch that looped his hat. Here is a gallant in yellow and white,—here a hunting scene, where men in green prepare to slice the deer's throat. Not far off is Leicester, the gipsy earl, with his dark close-cut hair, and suffused vindictive-looking face, handsome and hawk-like enough, but no honour, no virtue; and see how Mephistophelian is the arch of his eyebrows. He is not the man to tweak by the nose. In a cluster about this spot is Lady Jane Grey's grandmother, a wise old age,—the Marquis of Winchester, with a gerkin-looking nose,—the Duke of Norfolk, ever angry,—chivalrous Fletcher,—Shakespeare, calm and full-faced,—Ben Jonson, dogged and aggressive,—and Lucy Harrington, the great Countess of Bedford,—starred round with many lords and ladies of worth or wisdom. Now we come to James the First with his Scotch Latin, his pedantic common-places, his love of the flagon and hatred of tobacco, his promising son Henry, his daughter the Queen of Hearts and Bohemia,—Lord Bacon, ponderously wise,—Wotton, on the watch for a joke,—Sir Charles Cavendish and Falkland's father,—and the Duke of Buckingham, pert and impudent, with his green suit, painted shoes, and scarf-like garters. In this series we pass by countless ruffs and cloaks, lined and edged, and loaded with gold. The Earl of Lincoln, for instance, with his pottle-cap, fur robe, loose sleeves, white beard and ruff,—and a brave lordly-looking man in complete armour and orange scarf of a later epoch,—and Lord Vere of Tilbury, with dark armour and broad blue scarf,—and the Countess of Pembroke,—and the Earl of Oxford, fiery and chivalrous.

Patience and time bring us to the stately Vandykes, row by row. We pass Charles the First, weak and melancholy, with his tottering children and proud, despot, mischievous wife,—Prince Rupert, hot and heady,—Prince Maurice, a born negative,—Hamilton, Huntley, Newcastle, Carlisle, and Wentworth, malignant and scheming, with his scowling eye and long thin hand,—the Earl of Arundel, fierce in full armour,—Harvey, worn and abstracted-looking,—Hobbes, with his vivacious and animated face all in motion,—Lady Kirk, in yellow satin,—the Cavendish that held Welbeck against the Parliament, quiet and lady-like,—Sir H. Middleton, in black, with a severe meditative look,—Killigrew, the careless cavalier,—Lovelace, the poet,—the Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon does not praise,—and Lord Brooke, with a matchlock in his hand. Then there is Inigo Jones, combative and full of speculation,—Vandyke himself, Dobson, his pupil,—Waller, and Suckling. Then, after all

these reds and yellows, and laced and square-toed boots, and tags and points and plumes, come the simple, almost rudely-clad Roundheads who swept them away. Hampden, grave, plain, and earnest,—Sir John Eliot, with his thin hollow face,—sturdy Pym,—bold Blake,—the model of a stout Englishman,—and, last of all, Cromwell, not friendly and sour, but gravely smiling, and full of quiet serene majesty.

Crossing over, we find Lely hard at work at the Restoration, with all its pimps, parasites, and bare-bosomed Venuses. Charles the Second swarthy and hang-dog, and his unlucky wife, Catharine of Portugal,—Monk, fat and commonplace, the tool of faction,—Wren, looking at St. Paul's,—the Duke of Ormond, honest, and bold, and somewhat hot of temper,—Locke, ascetic and benevolent,—Lord Russel, fat and phlegmatic,—the Duke of Newcastle, chivalrous and old fashioned,—his *dilettante* wife, good, but rather a butt of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and such French cattle. There is Evelyn undressed and anxious,—and Arlington with his white rod and beadle robes, with a bow on his shoe and a dancing-master's antic, and the black cut over his nose that Rochester laughs at and mimics. On we go to James the Second, narrow minded and obstinate, with the huge nose that always implies some weakness,—and that poor smart boy Monmouth,—then William and Mary, discreet and respectable,—and the favourite Bentinck and Newton, rapt, and looking like a wise old clergyman. Now, breaking away from *la belle* Hamilton, Nelly, and all the loose-robed voluptuously-clad beauties of the Stuart harem, let us pass over sternly to Marlborough with his blue and red, his armour, staff and voluminous ermine, and his full-fleshed face so difficult to read when you get beyond courage and far-seeing powers of combination. Leaving Harley with his full face, we come to the rather foolish looking Pretender, with his powdered hair, full forehead, and undeniably regal bearing, about the only good gift he had,—and not caring for Lord Chancellor Harcourt or the Countess of Tankerville, and leaving Somers and pompous Vanburgh, we come to Dryden, with his eager vehement look,—and old Tsonson always ready for business. Steele, honest, sympathetic Steele, with the portly face and farmer's look,—Addison, cold and wise, the king

—o' the donec folk that live by rule,
Grave, tideless blooded, calm and cool,

that Burns, when rather drunk, delighted to rail at, believing demureness too often hypocrisy, and "o'er gude" a decent mask for a devil. A careless, loose-dressed Lady Mary points the way to Pope, sickly and lean, but with such a brow as God seldom gives a man,—Prior and Swift, cynical, but with no habitual frown of ill-nature,—and we come to George the First, supported by Harley and Walpole, fat and squire-like, George's son, Queen Caroline and her favourite Lady Sundon. Pelham, Chatham, Lyttleton, and Thomson, the fat pastoral poet, follow. The handsome, shrewd-looking Earl of Bute, with his rather malicious smile, shines in a full-length, and opens the long reign of George the Third; but we must not forget Young, with his affected leer and twisted mouth, or jovial Gay, or Mason, with his ugly coarse face of a Bow-Street runner. Round Johnson's seamed face all the great men of his age are placed:—Gibbon, with the pudding-bag cheeks; Reynolds, beaming through his spectacles; West, the king of mediocrity; Garrick, cunning and versatile; Sir Joseph Banks, with the look of an old sea-captain; Wilson, heavy and naked-looking, while Hume struts in scarlet, and Smeaton bends his calculating and sagacious head. Then come the later men:—Sir H. Davy, more like a country gentleman than a great philosopher; Burns, with his lamps of eyes; Scott, so like a plain grazier, but with a column, a very hat-full of brain, and thoughtful eyes not full open. Here is Coleridge with his fat, beaming smile; a young Brougham, like a cross Dominie; Gifford, the executioner; Dr. Wollaston, Southey, the hawk-eyed; Byron, the English Apollo, ever scornful, with a worm at his heart's core; Lockhart, looking young and smart; and Campbell, dandyish.

With the exception of the Queen and Prince

Albert, no living celebrities are admitted into this preserve. Many a dusty corridor and mouldy oak-panelled chamber have been scanned to collect this rich collection of rarities, that photography and engraving will now keep together for ever, and which, from mere curiosities, will henceforth become household words in every Art-loving family.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

The modern sculpture stands in double file on either side of the great hall,—the less important examples of modern genius and modern imitation being in a more humble, but no less honourable, position in the side walks, so that Venus hides behind a man-at-arms in complete steel, and Cupid smiles out in front of a Mars, all black and gold, of the fifteenth century, on which the figures of the Gobel Tapestry look down with that grave complacency with which a Pawnee brave watches the boiling rage and throbbing spasms of a Mississippi steam-engine sawing wood, as Coleridge said, "like a giant with one idea." The sculpture consists almost entirely of the works of Canova and those of living men, with the results also of the life of a few thinkers in stone not yet fairly settled in their too early graves. We should have liked to have seen some attempts, however scanty, to trace the history of British sculpture from Cibber downwards, with one work even, or a cast of it, of such historical men as Nollekins and Bacon. There would have been, too, in the galleries quite room enough for good casts of the best works of such men as Bailly, Foley, Gibson, and Bell, and even for the French, as Pradier and others.

The man who is invited to ox-tail soup has no right to grumble because we do not give him turtle; and on this principle we say no more about the deficiencies of a collection which has never before been equalled—not in England, perhaps scarcely in the world. To go, first, down among the dead men, whose tombstones these statues are, we come to Canova's sweet meretriciousness, detecting everywhere the jaunty curls and the theatrical and exaggerated innocence of Pauline Bonaparte, who, if she were the means of creating many of Canova's statues, broke herself a great many statues undoubtedly divine. The Italian's grace, sentiment, and feeling of beauty render luminous his dying Magdalene, Psyche, and Venus. The visitor should not neglect to carefully compare his school of idealism, somewhat Byronic, only quieter, with the modern naturalism which exults in girls sewing and maidens spinning a yarn.

In the noble army of martyrs who have at various times sat for busts, chiefly, as we have very good reasons to suppose, on the ground of their superior ugliness, and who now make death hideous and uncomeliness immortal, we must single out Chantrey's busts of Hunter and Cline,—the former intensely sagacious, the latter supernaturally plain, as we think Bell observes in his 'Anatomy of Expression.'

Some specimens of Flaxman would have been most appropriate here; but we cannot have everything; and we must remember not only that "Life is short and Art long," but that time was short and art long in getting these spoils together in the great black city of white cotton. Old Westmacott, soberly classical and coldly judicious, is represented by his 'Euphrosyne,' a dancing figure quite beside itself in a respectable and classical way with the joy of "dancing taught in six lessons." It is one of old Westmacott's best works. The flowers at the nymph's feet are delicately undercut, and wrought with a finish that would make a nursery gardener fall down and worship. This is perhaps the earliest instance of Pre-Raphaelitism in English sculpture. Benjamin Wyatt, though dead, under a quiet stone at Rome, where olives crisp and black cypresses nod and bow, still lives at this Manchester show. His 'Nymph preparing for the Bath' is the finest statue in this whole Pantheon of Art. Exquisite grace and a poise perfectly momentary and startlingly life-like animate this marble body. The innocence is not that of the ballet-dancer when the flowers fall at her feet, but of Ruth when Boaz gazed at her amid the yellow sea of corn. The graceful foot extended seems to sip the water,—the whole body shrinks like a newly-tamed bird at the feeder's hand from the stern embrace of the

cold tide. The face is of the seraph's, the execution is exquisite. There are also here by Wyatt's hand—but lately so firm and warm—a Water Nymph, and an Ino and Bacchus (very beautiful, the child at the mother's knee full of life and love and hope).

Mr. Baily, the patriarch and father of living sculptors, is well represented by his 'Eve at the Fountain,' a pure Miltonic thought, already classic. High upon the list, too, comes a new and perfect poem by Mr. Calder Marshall, a very excellent and versatile sculptor quite up to the age:—'Ophelia,' perhaps the first successful embodiment of Shakespeare's divine utterings. The face is beautiful in its touching despair, the very strained, wrung hands show the heart-break. His 'Sabrina' and 'Paul and Virginia' are good. His 'Broken Pitcher' is a pretty *genre* statuette. Mr. MacDowell, always poetical, sends a Venus and a Virginus.—Mr. Gibson a Venus, 'The Hunter,' 'The Wounded Faun,' and 'Andromeda,' but not his beautiful 'Pandora,' so full of meaning. His 'Narcissus' is not to our liking, for who cares for self-conceit and foppish embodied in a womanish hobbledohoy, half man, half boy? Of course Gibson is too dogged not to treat us with his freaks of colouring after the receipt of the late deservedly-lamented Madame Tussaud. What particular pleasure to the eye there can be in three red threads round the bottom of a robe, in whitey-brown hair, or in turning honest marble to pale wax, we cannot see; but everybody has his own sort of gout, and even minds are subject to sorts of rheumatism when certain east winds of fancy blow, and mental sprains are by no means infrequent. One of the newest thoughts in stone is Mr. Hogan's 'Eve's First Sight of Death,' a dead bird lying at her astonished foot. The execution is not worthy of the thought. M. Schuler's 'Adam and Eve after the Fall' is original in treatment. Our worthy ancestors are represented younger than usual, but sorrow is aging them fast. Mr. Theed has a little figure that will soon exasperate us by growing into a vulgar and too well-known beauty on every mantel-shelf. It is a girl, innocent, and, as a natural consequence, doubly beautiful, tying a love-letter round the neck of a dove. The drapery is rich and finely composed. The feet, too, are little studies. He has, too, another tiresome Narcissus, curled like a barber's son, even his lip curled. Mr. Davis, a Manchester man, has a Venus and Cupid.—Mr. Spence a Pastoral Nymph and Hieland Mary.—M. Schwanthaler a Cupid and Venus.—Mr. Hiram Powers his rather meagre 'Greek Slave' fettered with watch-chains, and his pretty bit of youth, the 'Fisher Boy with the Shell.' Mr. Munro contributes some beautiful children, too good for anything but Heaven.—Mr. Thomas a spirited and vigorous Lioness and Cubs, and Boadicea.—M. Fontana sends the Genius of Commerce.—Mr. Macdonald, a Bacchante and Eurydice.—Mr. Cardwell, a Sabrina, which means a study.—Mr. Jennings, a Cupid with a prize rose.—Mr. Papworth, a Nymph Surprised.—Mr. Durham, two pleasant figures, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and a pretty conception called 'Sunshine,' a cottage girl looking up, shading her eyes from Phoebus's too ardent kisses.

WATER COLOURS.

While the corners of the Modern Gallery display so many foreign names, as Canaletti, Dahl, Lely, Kneller, and our portrait collection has its Holbein, Mabuse, Vandye, &c., the Water-Colour Gallery, at the west end of this building, boasts of none but the pure English names of Absolon, Branwhite, Collins, Callow, Chambers, Corbould, Cattermole, Cox, Duncan, Dodgson, Edridge, Fahey, Evans, Copley Fielding, Fripp, Gilbert, and Goodall. This collection is contained in three rooms, at the west end of the Exhibition. The chief one is 200 feet long, and is entered through the Oriental court and the Hertford gallery,—the lesser rooms, one devoted to Turner's works and another to the works of dead men, open like side chapels out of this, and are each 52 feet long. The collection, chronological and historical, numbers 1,000 drawings, all carefully selected for peculiar interest or for their value as instructions. The living men are arranged alphabetically, so jealousy is impossible, and the dead men, who no longer know what jealousy means, according to their dates. Messrs. Smith and Colnaghi

have been of much service to Mr. Holmes, as Messrs. Agnew have in other ways. The Queen and Dowager-Countess of Ellesmere are also liberal contributors.

To show how water-colour began as by mere accident, Mr. Holmes shows sketches by Rembrandt, Ostade, Van Huysum, and others; and by themselves stand some chalk studies of great men,—Raphael's 'Entombment' and 'Madonna,' in red chalk, and Mulready's life studies, finished like enamels, with all the care, love, and labour of the wise old man, who still considers himself a student in the life school, and is still a patient child at Nature's knee. Then come studies by the old masters, washed in with bistre, sepia, or low-toned colour, and edged and heightened with chalk. Under this head are some children by Reynolds, done as a tamed giant would do them, some Cupids by Cipriani, and a lady by Gainsborough, graceful and free. To this succeed the works of Sandby, the real founder and foreseer of the art. Born in Nottingham, an unlikely place, in 1725, he visited France, and probably studied with Watteau, whose opera graces and quaint elegance he not inaptly caught. His style is simple, and he shows a wish for atmospheric effect—a prerogative of English Art,—born under a dull but picturesque and fitful sky. Then comes Hearne, with his heavy, dark-lined abbeys, and countless works of Cozens (rocks and skies good), Wheatley, Rowlandson, Williams, Leitch, and others,—some caricatures, some conventional dark landscapes.

More truth and air came with Girtin, and a new epoch began. Of his broad, sombre manner, there are some excellent specimens here. Then we have seas by Chambers, and wrecks by Bentley, and dull Westalls, and graceful Stothards, and Rosses, and Ibbotsons, and Edridges, and Robsons, and Clennels, and glowing Varleys, and vigorous Glovers. Muller can be judged by his bold, strong-coloured Turks and palm-trees, with the broad blues and reds, and Haydon by a sketch for his own 'Judgment of Solomon,' decidedly his best work, and better in conception than many a Domenichino or Sasso Ferrato. Some Newfields, Reinagles, Barrets, and Inglefields make up the list. About them all there is less lightness, animal spirits, distance, and atmospheric effect than we now obtain, since Turner taught us better. Of Wilkie, there is a 'Grace before Meat': the painter gave it to Lady Blessington. Of John Martin, there is a landscape entitled 'Diogenes and the Rustic,'—the cynic is casting away his gourd when he sees the peasant drink out of his hand. Trees and palaces fill the scene: the figures are mere puppets. These early water-colours before Turner came are dull and heavy, though often ambitious. No painter seems to have learnt the full power of his materials.

The Turner room contains about eighty-five drawings, beginning with his first exhibited drawing, 'Tynemouth Priory' (1782), and ending with the last drawing of that well-worn hand, an 'Alpine Pass,' 1838. His Scott and Milton illustrations, so small and dainty, are both here, contrasting with a great brown and green monster that he is said to have painted in combination with Girtin. The finer specimens are the 'Mewstone Rock,' 'Bamborough Castle,' 'Llanberis Lake,' 'Durham,' and the 'Bass Rock.' All varieties of his style are here, from 'Carew Castle,' a very blue conventional work, to the quiet coolness of the Welsh lake. There is 'Launceston' on its mount, and 'Dunstanborough Castle,' proud enough, and then on he is sketching pigs and poultry, and carts, in sepia, or the dark man ploughing in the foreground of a Cathedral that rises as if built of clouds, so thin and transparent through the air it stands. The 'First Steamer on the Thames' is one of Turner's thoughtful moments, and his 'Plymouth,' with the revelling sailors, beautiful with its blue sea and white flocks of ships. In his 'Harborough Sands' the distant rocks are pure lapis lazuli, and the scumble of red brown is most exquisite. His 'Dartmouth' is supreme in its class. His 'Ely' is full of fading air that spiritualizes earth. In fact, here are the brightest rainbows on paper, the most golden and glowing of sunlights, the bluest fire of rough seas, and the airiest of skies.

In the larger rooms Prout, Cattermole and Copley Fielding figure largely. Prout, with the Venice, which is his own, Cattermole with his knights and monks, and Copley Fielding with the seas and coasts he rules. There is a drawing by Mr. Stanfield of the wreck, with gulls screaming over a Mazeppa seaman bound not to a horse but a mast. Dadd, now insane, has some sketches of dead camels and caravan halts, a Nubian cave, and a vale of rocks. All our living artists are represented here. Mr. Jenkins, with his pretty sentiment in 'Hopes and Fears,' Mr. Lewis with his 'Englishman in the Desert,' and his 'Pilgrims in Rome,' the most elaborate of his careful and singular works. Mr. Collingwood has a 'Girl Weeping,' Mr. Oakley an 'Italian Boy' and some 'Ladies singing.' Mr. Corbould comes out quite as a king, with his great scene from the 'Prophets,' and his 'Godiva,' the Coventry lady's flesh being as pulpy and sunny as woman's flesh can well be; the tone the mellow gold of the parted nectarine. Mr. J. B. Pyne has some broad bits of Italy,—Mr. Naish some old English Mansions, with a scene from Athens, Mr. Fahey a scene in a hop-garden, and Mr. Bennett some rare works. Messrs. Hart, Pickersgill and Herbert all send studies of well-known pictures. Mr. Harding has some clean and yet bold landscapes, one of a Viaduct with broad shadows, very full of daylight. Mr. Bartholomew contributes some capital flowers, rich in colour, tall swaying hollyhocks, with black red cups, and a blue sky above. Better than most men's summer scenes is Mr. Branwhite's 'Ferry in the Frost,' the sun fiery red, the snow purpled, and the ice here and there refractive. Mr. William Hunt has an excellent show of gems,—brown stable-boys, grinning of course, odd drudges of the Topsy class, curling farmer's children ready for the *soirée*, Indian girls, maidens praying, and above all Fruit of melting gold. Humour, colour, all Hunt's qualities, may be seen here, epitomized in a dozen works. M. Haag sends some Flemish Interiors, full of men with trunk hose, and well-arranged cavaliers that you cannot tell apart except by their blues and reds. M. Louis Haag appears in Monks and Italian Shepherds, and especially in his great pictures of the doings at Balmoral—Going to and Returning from the Chase. Mr. Lance has some glorious Fruit, and Mr. Gilbert, the hundred-fingered, his 'Eastern Bazaar,' and a 'Musician,' clever enough. Old David Cox could not be seen better than by his wet sands, rainy blowy moors, and rank country churchyards, while Mr. Cattermole has swarms of red and brown monks, Macbeths, and battling cavaliers, produced with great talent, but too much of the fatal facility of the ephemeral book illustrator. Mr. Burton's 'Moldavian Peasants' are, as usual, beautiful and smoothly picturesque. Mr. Absolon has a perfect flower-garden of fresh daylight sketches, apparently too swiftly and skimmingly executed, yet always cheery and pleasing, and pretty, and light-hearted, always full of April blood, and the dash and freshness of a gentleman's light-hearted youth. His 'Sleeping Nun,' his 'Village Dance,' his 'Church Porch,' are all in this vein; so is his 'Tambourine Player' and his 'Stage Rustic Lovers.' He always delights, and to instruct he does not care. What a Watteau of a scene-painter he would make! and for ballets he would be worth a stage box crammed full of guineas. Mr. Fripp's bridge, trees and water are admirable, and so are his rocks with the water spilling over them. Mr. Warren shows us the Magi in an Eastern twilight not unlit with stars. Mr. Vacher has a clear-headed view of the blues and yellows of Italian scenes. Mr. Taylor catches the spirit of the Squire Western days, of the tie wig and long boots, and gives us pretty horsewomen, and bowing cavaliers. Mr. L. Price has a glimpse of the painter's city, Venice, and Mr. Duncan a loch weltering with moonlight. Nor are Jackson, Whitchelo, Wyld, and Wright by any means to be forgotten. Mr. Riviere has some cockney Irish, and Mr. Goodall some pretty children and effective decorous countrymen. Mr. Topham comes out well with his picturesque share of beauty and pleasing colours. His Spanish and Irish peasants are equally national and good. Mr. David Roberts contributes some of his Holy Land sketches, and his bull-fight in the grand square of Seville, with the holy Cathedral looking down on the

unholy sight. His 'Sion' is singularly grand, with its lemon-coloured rock, and the strange purple light of the thin shadows; but his grandest work is the 'Approach of the Simeon,' with a pyramid looming like a dark ship's hull in the distance. Over the broad disk of the setting sun spreads angularly the crimson shadow of the storm-wind, and the caravan is plunging down to bury itself in the sand till Azrael has passed.

Amongst other interesting works are, Mr. Mac-laine's 'Disenchantment of Bottom,' unpleasant in colour, but teeming with imaginations, Mr. Bonington's glowing French Port, a Coast Scene by Collins, a Pot Scene by Müller, some Cattle by Verbeekhoven, Sidney Cooper's master, and a picture by De Wint.

Of the purity, transparent, happy, daylight effects of our modern water-colour painters we have here abundant specimens. Of their wind-rudal seas, of their embowered homesteads, of their pretty country lanes, of their humour, sense of beauty, picturesque, crumbly surfaces, and broad washes of lucid colour, there are some most choice specimens.

ENGRAVINGS.

Pursuing their educational and missionary purpose, the managers of this theatre of Art have arranged a gallery of engravings on each side of the west organ gallery with its gilded trumpets and exaggerated idealised representation of that row of green reeds that Pan bound together with Manchester thread long ago by the side of the swift Arethusa, when he sat down to play a quartet in two flats to the memory of the Swiss Syren. A series of screens form compact snug courts, free from draughts and in excellent taste, for this sort of pen system keeps off the crowd with the incantations feet and the sharp elbows. These engravings have been skillfully marshalled and graduated by Mr. Holmes, who has attempted with success what the British Museum has slept over but never dreamed of, and what is only scantily done even in the Louvre itself, where Despotism makes difficult things suddenly quite easy. These engravings are a history of a refined, laborious, and subtle art. Their beauty will here be engraved in the memories of many. There are here rude woodcuts worth their weight in gold, and others valued at some \$800. each, which in Dahomey would buy a factory full of white-toothed slaves.

Amidst a harem of Art-beauties, proofs before letters, and all sorts of curiosities in different stages, with alterations, supplements, and improvements, the eye can with difficulty select the Queen of the Zenana. Now a St. Cecilia of Domenichino, moulded boldly by Sharp, arrests one,—and now a crinkly Albert Dürer, perhaps a St. Lawrence with his favourite gridiron, makes us pause. Here a Perfection Titian, soft and glowing,—here a Rembrandt, a black jewel by Cornelius,—here a daintily-lined copy of Landseer. Here Paul Delaroche's crown of Art, the Hemicycle,—there a dainty Scheffer,—a little further rare Marc Antonio's Matthew, Luke, and John. Our eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, is at once delighted and awestruck, these engravings are such miracles of patient, humble, and reverent labour. These men were born, not to produce, but to reproduce. For minute detail we have no room, nor would it be our place to criticize the well-known works of men long ago adjudged to enduring and well-deserved fame. The citron-coloured walls bring out well the deep soft blacks and rich gem spots of light on these most excellent works of dead men's toil. Mr. Holmes begins with old specimens of Niello-work, such as those religious but odd creations of old adoration, now themselves adored by antiquaries—the Adoration of the Magi and the Holy Virgin—dated say about 1456, and wonderful infancies of a great invention they are. Then there are some rare sulphur casts only to be rivalled in Paris and London. Then come the best impressions of that laborious friend of the witty old debauchee Ariosto, whom Shakespeare and nearly all old plays mention, the scotter of Venice in Titian's time; Marc Antonio copies of Raphael, and of Giulio Romano: the art still uncertain, but growing daily stronger, and even now by no means a faithless reporter; the drawing sure; the

execution sometimes bold, but still generally somewhat timid and coarse.

Of these works of the early Italian masters the 'Five Saints' is the most marvellous, for all epochs of Art have their climax, which is like the flower which at last crowns the long-growing stalk. Then come Francia and Albert Dürer, the last strong, earnest, and with a purpose almost grim, though Albert was a humped man,—the rude German boorish devotion of the Luther age matching oddly with the delicacy of the Italian school, refined from its infancy. Then, in due sequence follow works of anonymous German artists who cut other men's thoughts on copper and then died and left no other sign,—next to them come fine specimens of the robustness and force of Meyer and Martin Schöngauer.

The Rembrandts, too, with their magic darkness, turbaned heads, and sagacious burgomasters, form a collection by themselves. Here is the *Sabre Print* of which only three are known, and which is a sort of philosopher's stone with print collectors, to be spoken of with hats off and bated breath. We need scarcely say it is an early portrait of Rembrandt himself holding a sabre. His face afterwards grew a complete oak-knot, but never more fitful and picturesque. Here, too, is Reynolds's admiration, Burgomaster Six, and the rare Tolling portrait, and that of Ephraim Bonus, the celebrated Jewish physician, with the black ring that Leah gave him, and which he would not have parted with for a wilderness of monkeys. Then come an old Hering and the one-hundred-gelder print, enough to almost make a Dutchman stop smoking a moment to wonder at out of Holland. Then follow a John Lutan and some landscapes, all the wonderful handwork of the wonderful miller's son. Nor should we forget rare etchings by Paul Potter, and Vanderveelde, cows and ships, breezy seas, and rank meadows.

The Mezzotints are also extremely complete and curious, beginning with Furstenberg and Col. von Liegen, on to Prince Rupert, the soldier-chemist, who learned the art from the mere chance of rust falling on a dragon's carbine-barrel,—to the later English works of Earlam and John Thomas, going through all the Reynolds days; beginning, in fact, with flowing flaxen wigs of the Killigrew times, and coming down to saques and powdered hair.

Wood engraving is also hunted with success through all its stages, from rude Japanese fourteenth-century work, of staring, sprawling men in rich dressing-gowns, down to easy Italian playing cards and old Venetian rude illustrations. For these the Holford, Wellesley, Hawkins, Buecluch, and Hippesley galleries have been diligently beaten.

Mr. Holmes has also given us an interesting course of Lithographs, this art being one of the most marvellously rapid in its progress. Having shown that he has specimens of everything, it is scarcely necessary to enumerate those great Flemish disciples of Rubens, and who well knew how to grapple with him, Pontius, and that race, Snyder-hoef, Sootman, Vosterman, and Bolswert, not forgetting two etchings by Vandyke, which represent the Greuze school of sentiment. As in our own country the Charles-the-Second men, Faithorn, Elstraack, and Vaughan, lead on to Hogarth, the Pretender's man Strange, drunken Sharp, Bartolozzi, Woollett, Cozens, Bromley, Doo, down to Heath and the living men so well known to us, who hail us from every third shop-window.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Photographs have a snug nook in the gallery, all by their wonderful selves. To review them in detail would be merely to repeat our remarks of the last Exhibition in London, there being nothing but a six-foot view of glaciers and Alp peaks peculiarly astonishing as a novelty. As usual, Mr. Thurston Thompson contributes a long series of careful copies of Raphael's drawings, the very rub and catch of the chalk imitated, their fire and fervour and intensity of love perfectly reproduced. Mr. Fenton is great in distances and rough stone gateways. Mr. Claudet is great in portraiture; a branch of the art in which he fears no rival. Dr. Diamond's Studies of the Insane excite deep wonder, Art contending for admiration and re-

spect with Nature. Messrs. Bisson are grand in their architectural views, the Louvre for instance, proud of a better atmosphere for the purpose than London has. Mr. Watkins is admirable for his touched portraits, complete works of Art, and remarkable for rare simplicity and breadth. Mr. Taylor's studies of the tangles of plants astonish nature. Messrs. Dolamore and Bullock are transparent in their Kenilworth studies. Mr. Bedford's Welsh views pass belief for needle-point finish and minuteness; and Mr. White's rustic bits are matchless. Every different exhibitor has some peculiar merit, either of choice or execution. One gives the clear, sharp shadows of sunlight best; another likes a predominant golden mellow middle tint. A takes corners of hedge-rows, prickly and flower-spangled; B follows the owl to crumbly towers and ivied belfries high up among the bells; C, perhaps more adventurous, tries to make a picture and throw half Rembrandt's mystery over Newman-Street models. No. 1 is all for children, and No. 2 settles down perseveringly with most commendable energy to still-life studies of ivory cups and luminous light focussing armour. So by turns we get all the world done,—and one taking the joint and another the side dish the whole dinner is eaten.

GOLD AND SILVER WORK.

Stepping out once more into the centre hall, footing it through bronze statues of Elizabeth and huge inlaid buffets of French work, we come to Messrs. Hunt & Roskill's case, shining like the offerings of the Magi with huge silver flagons, three feet high, presentation cups, and gold vases. In the midst of them is the Cornelius shield the King of Prussia gave the Prince of Wales, a trophy of Art, and not far off the return shield, covered with reliefs by Vochte in clouds and processions of figures. The work as fine as if steel were clay, and could be pinched into shape at a moment's pleasure. At one corner of the case are some vases of repoussé work in dead silver, equal to Cellini's labours, built up of struggling and battling Titans, on whom Jove from a calm summit looks down with majesty. On the left-hand side is a great curiosity,—a trophy of the smith's art: it is Florentine work of a doubtful age, probably not later than Elizabeth. It is a chariot, surmounted by a canopy, drawn by four horses, and containing five figures,—a king, a jester, and three courtiers,—the faces in a strain of energetic expression: the jester dancing and gesticulating, the king cheering and exhorting, and the attendants quarrelling. On the box sits a coachman, and under the box swings a lamp. The horses' reins are studded with turquoises and the wheels with rubies. Some presentation salvers and some old silver-mounted mirrors, pixes and chalices make up the costly show.

Another case, a mountain of gold, consists chiefly of corporation plate,—a legend about every mace and badge,—and some of the rarest specimens of the Queen's mediæval plate,—some crystals, cut into the shapes of fish and monsters,—the well-known nautilus,—and all sorts of salt-cellars, fire-dogs, salvers, and flagons.

Amongst old-world things, like the horn of Ulphus from York Cathedral and the curious Scrope bowl, and rare wonders from the plate of Oxford Colleges, we espy the great giant grace-cup that Pepys gave the Clockworkers Company, and which has been so often engraved that it becomes as familiar as the willow pattern to our eyes, and which, amidst the lesser gold and silver ewers with their glistening reflections, stands out a very Goliath. In a further case are some most costly caskets, such ones as Portia would have used to try Antonio,—malachite and gold, inlaid with coral-looking canoes, others inlaid with scales of mother-of-pearl, veering grey and white, with ruby and emerald flashes breaking across. Passing by huge coffers bound with traceries of brass, tortoise-shell cabinets, and even the great collection of coins and the Douce ivories, with the deliciously-carved altar-pieces, cabinets, coffers, diptychs, thousands of shining saintlings, fairy saints, invite our eye,—but we leave them and the Vertue miniatures, with the Duke of Portland's 500 and the Buccleuch 500, to enter the Oriental Court, not the smallest glory of this collection of old Trafford.

ORIENTAL COURT.

Dr. Royle here has done his best, and we begin with the Buddhist deity, Quon-yem, as much venerated as Qui-tam is by lawyers: her hundred brazen arms brandish each one an emblem or a weapon. The walls of this court, so gorgeous in colours, are hung with Eastern floor-cloths, Persian tapestries, and Chinese pictures. To the left of the entrance, two rows of cases contain embroideries embossed with gold thread, fit for the wear of Solomon, trinkets, and arms; along the centre runs a row of Eastern furniture, bossy with carving, or pierced with cobwebs of ivory carving, that puzzle the sense, so intricate is their net-work. To the right are Chinese productions, original and ingenious in plan and shape; to the right and left hang splendid floor-cloths from Cashmere, Herat, and Peshawar;—a Persian saddle-bag, and some Persian pictures of court ceremonies, are especially curious. It is one delight of real Art that it appears spontaneous, and the labour bestowed is concealed by the real artist. This Indian ivory seems to have grown and frothed up into these shapes,—this gold thread seems a spreading almost of nature over the crimson stuffs it ornaments and glorifies. A scent of spice fills the room,—Ali Baba looks with us over the cases,—Nouredin and the Fair Persian walk in arm in arm,—Fatima fans herself on a seat,—and the Caliph himself, disguised as a Manchester Quaker, discusses the price of gingham over the work of the craftiest hands in all the rose-filled valley of Cashmere. To read the Arabian Nights in this court, before the crowd came, to sip sherbet and eat a lamb here, stuffed with almonds, with a red-capped Kuzzilbash, would be paradisaical, were it possible.

ARMOUR.

The stubborn god-terminus, who will not be set aside, warns us on with threatening finger to the armoury, and to the armoury we go with the eagerness of a Norman arming for battle. Alas! we suddenly remember

The knights are dust,

Their good swords are rust,

and we spell through the suits with war-cries from Froissart and Montague ringing in our ears. From the cumbersome pot helmets of Stephen—not the saint, but the saint worshipper—down to the times when armour grew thin as a flower-leaf, yet strong as adamant—so useful, so beautiful, that a Francis-the-First knight might have exhibited himself and cleared a handsome sum by holding somebody else's hat at his own castle-gate—specimens are here; in stars of swords, in knife-boxfuls of halberds, in suits of armour hung up to dry, nests of the spider and homes of the rat; in cases of slender rapiers and two-handed swords, that would cleave a giant to the briquet, and would take a whole club of round-collared fops even to lift. Here are poniards, too, with which angry men used to lift the steel crab-shells of Maximilian's troopers, just as one opens the familiar native for the sweet mouthful of our own oyster. Here are axes that would split a rock, and hunting knives, just the very thing to open and scrape your red-skinned filibert. Here are more bills than were ever discounted in Lombard Street, and the very bows that spoke so shrilly at Cressy. Daggers that have glistened in dying men's eyes—pistols that, hot and smoking, have been flung at the gleaming fields of bayonets—spears that have shivered on brave men's hearts—blades that have been swung at Morgarten by rough men of Uri, bent on taming the Austrian or the Burgundian—lie here in cases, mere fossils of a bygone age, innocuous now as museum thunderbolts. The guisarme of the German *schwarz Reiter*, the bill of the English yeoman, once clashed together in war, now jostle each together like cronies in the velvet-lined repository.

This collection of armour is partly from Windsor and the Tower, and partly from the inestimable collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick, whose castle of Goodrich has been rummaged by Mr. Planché and his learned colleague. The worthy baronet had much learning and small taste. His great delight was to stuff doll-faced dummies, with disunited legs and angular arms, and invest them with suits of ringed mail or deck them with the elaborate *reposee*-worked suit of an Italian Duke. Smeary-red cheeks and goggle

eyes delighted him, as they would have done a South Sea Islander. In one ambitious group he clubbed together, in slashed Elizabethan dresses, the likenesses of some twenty men who had formed his retinue as Herefordshire sheriff, much to the astonishment and disgust of some prosaic judge of that day, who thought Greenwich fair had come to meet him, and felt almost afraid he was being laughed at. Still, with all his hypotheses and crotchets, Sir Samuel was a true antiquary, and turned armour into a real science, being far beyond the age that ridiculed him. His discovery of the true date of ring mail and its shape he believed had immortalized him. He turned his bran-new Edward-the-Second castle into a marine-store shop, and, in his enthusiasm for his art, allowed himself scarcely room to move. Well—peace to his ashes—here is his life's work,—pot helmet, black mail, cable-ringed and twisted, such as Richard wore at Ascalon and scymetar broke on; fluted breastplate, with roundels, lance-rest, and all fittings; square shoe, pointed toe, and all the plates and van-braces that brave men once used to keep death out, washed in blood often enough, we dare say; beaten with rougher hammers than the armourer's, sliced with knives, of which the autograph scratches remain; dented with bullets and pounded with maces. This short suit of armour, striped and blazoned with gilded thistles and initial letters, belonged to that fair hope of Christendom, Prince Henry, the stammering pedant's son, who lamented Raleigh and sighed for some kingly rival to cross a sword with. It is made for a strong stripling, and is of rare and costly workmanship, fit for a king's son. That half breastplate is put on as an extra guard for tilting. That black-and-gold suit covered with E. E's Mr. Planché supposes to have belonged to Essex—either the broken-hearted quieter of Ireland or his hot-headed and ill-fated son. Its long-pointed breastplate, made to receive the peculiar doublet, marks the period to within twenty years. Of another suit, extraordinary to say, part was found at Goodrich and part at Windsor. We observe in this department a complete history of spurs, from the simple steel goad of the Crusader to the big wheel-spurs of the Roses, and the modifications of the Stuarts. The fire-arms are, also, a complete chronology, from the early complications of wheels and hammers to the finest work preceding our own times. Years of labour have been lavished on these death-bringers, which look delicate as lady's toys. They are inlaid with brass, and silver, and steel, and red enamel, and sometimes even chased with low relief round the butt and stock. The biting, vicious-looking triggers are of a thousand forms. Some have six barrels, strong and thick, but small in the bore as pea-shooters. Of partisans, there is a great store; the blades of the most varied shapes, growing out into all varieties of spoke and edge; often pierced with exquisite tracery, pleasant to the eye; and making death by them, we should almost think, quite an amusement. The handles are frequently banded with steel, making them indestructible to the enraged sword sweep. Frequently they are studded with gilt nails like coffin-rims; generally they are tufted and hung with bunchy crimson tassels, now dusty and faded. Among them, we observe a few sergeant's halberds with snake mouths, such as Marlborough's men used to insert the cannon-match into. The rapiers are such a collection as a Charles-the-Second duellist might have had,—the blades long, narrow, triangular, and grooved, inflicting almost incurable wounds; the handles a lace-work of steel and silver, and in some cases ornamented with enamels and inserted in white or velvet sheaths. Amongst the miscellanea are some carved dagger-sheaths, some old powder-flasks and touch-boxes; a German saddle inlaid with white, green, and black ivory, in figures and legends; Highland targets studded with silver nails, some pigeon-breasted cuirasses, a good row of maces and steel life-preservers, a huge painted pavise and some elaborate shields—one painted with an angel's head. And when we have seen it all, and begin to wonder if we have done wisely in coming, like snails, out of our shells to bide the pelt and hail of fire and shot, remembering that red broad-cloth is but paper and linen to the Chinese sword or the

Afghan's bullet, we bethink us of the old story of the Life-Guardsman, who was brought to George the Fourth fresh from Waterloo to give his opinion as to the question of increasing the defensive armour of the Englishman. "Now," said the King, "if there was another scrimmage like Waterloo, and you had your own choice, how should you dress for it?"—"Well, an please your Majesty," said the London Mars, "I should like to take off my coat and tuck up my sleeves." So much for a practical man's opinion of defensive armour, which, at the boom of the first cannon, dropped off the European, who henceforward prepared to meet death bare-breasted and open-eyed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. Cox, of the Bodleian, is executing his commission to search for ancient manuscripts in Greece with some success. We hear that he has recovered a considerable number, some of which are said to be unknown in Europe. Lord Lyons placed a steamer at Mr. Cox's service when at Beyrout; since then the collector has visited the Greek islands, and ransacked ancient monasteries. He may shortly return to England with his treasures.

The new Library of the British Museum will be thrown open to public inspection to-day (Saturday),—the announced design of opening it on the 8th having been deferred in consequence of the funeral of the late Duchess of Gloucester. We advise all our readers with an hour of leisure to see the new dome. Except the Pantheon in Rome, there is nothing like it in Europe.

The plan of Lady Franklin's Arctic Expedition is now arranged. A glance at any recent map of the Arctic regions shows that nearly the whole area east and west of the outlet of the Fish River has been swept by Government searching expeditions. Apart, then, from the fact that Esquimaux reports point to a very limited locality where the great Arctic mystery lies concealed, we are warranted in hoping that a search within an area embracing not more than 370 miles of coast, may be rewarded by the discovery of the Erebus and Terror. Capt. McClintock proposes to make his way down Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence through Bellot's Strait to the field of search; or, should the ice permit, to proceed direct to it by going down Peel Sound, which he has good reasons for believing to be a strait. If prevented by the ice from passing through Bellot's Strait, or going down Peel Sound, he will abandon the idea of taking his ship through these channels, and, leaving her in safety in Prince Regent's Inlet, will proceed to search for the Erebus and Terror by sledging parties, so successfully used in the late Expedition, in conducting which Capt. McClintock particularly distinguished himself. We regret to say, that a strong memorial, recently transmitted from the United States, praying our Admiralty to send the Resolute out on a final searching expedition, has failed to arouse official sympathy with a cause now stirring all England. This is the more surprising as the work which remains to be done is extremely small, and Arctic experience shows that the probable risk is slight. The rate of mortality of all the Arctic Expeditions since 1818 (exclusive of that of the missing Expedition) is less than 1½ per cent. Sir Charles Wood, therefore, as the *Order of the Admiralty*, has no foundation for saying that "he does not feel justified in exposing to the risks inseparable from such explorations the lives of further officers and men." Previous searching expeditions, which were necessarily despatched to unknown regions, have, as we have seen, been singularly fortunate in regard to the slight mortality, and the proposed Expedition, which will have the advantage of being within easy reach of the large depôts of stores and provisions at Beechey Island and Port Leopold, will certainly not be attended with greater risk than those which have preceded it. Great scientific interest attaches, moreover, to Lady Franklin's final search, as it will be carried on in the neighbourhood of the North Magnetic Pole. Let us then hope that the appeal of Lady Franklin will meet a ready response. "I have cherished the hope," says Lady Franklin, in her letter to Lord Palmerston, "in common with

others, that we are not waiting in vain. Should, however, that decision unfortunately throw upon me the responsibility and the cost of sending out a vessel myself, I beg to assure your lordship that I shall not shrink either from that weighty responsibility or from the sacrifice of my entire available fortune for the purpose, supported as I am in my convictions by such high authorities as those whose opinions are on record in your lordship's hands, and by the hearty sympathy of many more."—"Surely, then, I may plead that a careful search be made for any possible survivor; that the bones of the dead be sought for and gathered together; that their buried records be unearthed, or recovered from the hands of the Esquimaux; and above all, that their last written words, so precious to their bereaved families and friends, be saved from destruction. A mission so sacred is worthy of a Government which has grudged and spared nothing for its heroic soldiers and sailors in other fields of warfare, and will surely be approved by our gracious Queen, who overlooks none of her loyal subjects suffering and dying for their country's honour."—"This final and exhausting search is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times, and it is all I ever intend to ask."

The papers record the death of Mr. Frederick Scott Archer, of Great Russell Street, the inventor of the collodion process in photography, which has worked such wonders. A friend says in a note which is now before us, "On the 19th of September, 1856, he communicated to me his views, and brought the collodion and chemicals, all of his own make, and I, with them, made the first collodion picture. The following March he published the process in the *Chemist*, but during the months previously he told the secret to some of his friends, who assumed to themselves more or less of undue credit." To every man his due!

Old book-collectors will hear with regret that Mr. Robert Harding Evans, late of Pall Mall, the intelligent book auctioneer, who dispersed many fine libraries during fifty years, was gathered to his fathers on the 25th of last month in the eightieth year of his age. He was the son of Mr. Evans, formerly of the Strand, bookseller, the personal friend of Cadell, Garrick, and Macklin, and of most of the wits of his day, and the editor of Evans's 'Old Ballads, and other Poems.' Mr. R. H. Evans possessed an extraordinarily retentive memory, and he was full of information on matters of book-lore and anecdotes of eminent men. Mr. Evans assisted to revise a second edition of his father's 'Ballads,' and wrote a great part of the valuable 'Explanatory Description of Gilray's Caricatures,' published by Mr. Bohn.

Mr. Smith, of Drury Lane Theatre, has purchased the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, with a view, we hear, of arranging it as a circus. The site is a good one; and we should fancy that an elegant circus, on the plan of Franconi's, would be an attraction in the centre of London.

A collection of manuscripts, unusually large and various, has been dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, at high prices. The sale realized 1,487*l.*,—of which 590*l.* was received for a single lot—a Greek copy of Dioscorides, from the Rinuccini Library, at Florence, decorated with oriental paintings. The papers included a Collection of Papers on Alien Priors, made by the Somerset Herald (sold for 6*l.* 10*s.*),—a Collection on Astronomy, from the Library of St. Mark, at Florence (29*l.*),—a Hebrew Bible, of the thirteenth century, on vellum (70*l.*),—a Psalter, in Latin, monastic binding (11*l.* 10*s.*),—a very ancient manuscript, Boetius de Arithmetica, on vellum (26*l.* 10*s.*),—an Italian copy of Cicero de Senectute and other works of the orator (6*l.* 10*s.*),—a manuscript, on vellum, of the twelfth century, of St. Cyprian's Letters (29*l.* 10*s.*), bought by Sir F. Madden for the British Museum,—a fourteenth-century copy of Dante's Divine Comedy (40*l.*), bought by M. Libri; another copy of the same (30*l.* 10*s.*), bought by the same, a third copy of the Divine Comedy, on vellum and paper, writing of the fifteenth century (52*l.* 10*s.*),—Miscellanea Historica Anglicana, including orders and instructions relating to Virginia and Ireland (14*l.* 14*s.*),—the Four Evan-

gelists, in Latin of the ninth or tenth century (70*l.*); and a Byzantine copy of the same, a wonderful specimen of minute writing (81*l.*),—a curious collection on Astrology and Natural History (27*l.*),—Officium Liber, a manuscript of 500 pages, illustrated with beautiful Flemish miniatures (240*l.*),—Officium Beate Marie Virginis, an Italian manuscript of the sixteenth century, on vellum (90*l.*),—Arabic Proverbs, poems and histories, with five allegorical pictures (32*l.*),—a collection on Savonarola (10*l.* 10*s.*); and a copy of Tasso's Aminta, described as autograph, and "as the last and most correct copy issued by the author" (59*l.*). The price at which it sold shows the estimation in which the MS. is held by Italian scholars.

The Author of 'Time and Faith' complains that we have misconceived or misrepresented his object.—

April 24.
In your notice of the above work of the 18th instant, I am made to assume certain positions, which, as founded upon an entire misconception of my object, you will I am sure permit me to disclaim. Your reviewer states that I derive the word "Sabbath" from *sab* or rather *siv*, "to have grey hairs." Most assuredly I hold no such opinion. In this, and in several other cases, he has mistaken for definitions what, in the text before him, have been classed under the head of "cognate terms," or given only as suggestive, but hypothetical readings. The principle adopted of discarding the Hebrew points is not mine, but that of Parkhurst's Lexicon; and the notes to the word *Al-eim* (Parkhurst's spelling) profess to be nothing more than explanations, to assist the investigations of the reader, of various associations connected with words of similar form. That the word *Mit-rain* does not refer to the country of the Nile, but to the border land of Egypt proper and Palestine, is not put forward as an original proposition, but as that of a competent Arabic and Hebrew scholar named; supported by the general admission of other authorities (page 176) that the river Nile could not have been intended by what in the Old Testament is called "the river of Egypt." That I have asserted the title of "Son of God" to have been a regal title (as in 2 Sam. vii. 14) is perfectly true; but I think your reviewer, to avoid injuring the work by conveying a wrong impression, should have added that this is not the reason given by the author for the title having been applied to Christ, after the crucifixion, as an incarnation of the Divine Logos. The work is not based upon etymologies; but is fairly open to philological strictures, and no one will be more ready to exchange old or new readings for better, when they shall have been pointed out, than yours, &c.

THE AUTHOR OF 'TIME AND FAITH.'

—We will notice the points *seriatim*. 1. The author says he does not derive the word "Sabbath" from *sab* or *siv*, "to have grey hairs." He states that these were "suggestive" but "hypothetical readings," or "cognate terms," rather than a definition. We are content to hear that the writer disclaims such a piece of etymology, but on referring to chap. vi. p. 78, we find that in the summary of that chapter he expressly proposed to give "the etymology of the word Sabbath." Here are his words, "The Saturday or seventh day festival of the Jews corresponds with the Saturn's day of the astrological week; and the etymology of the word Sabbath may now engage our attention." The only piece of etymology with which we are favoured is the following. "*Sab* or *siv* was the name of the Egyptian Saturn, the father of Osiris and Isis. In Hebrew, *sab* or *siv* is 'grey-headed.' Possibly a contraction, *Isiah* 'aged' and *Ab* 'a father.' *Ath*, is 'with, belonging to, and out of.' We submit that this fully bore out our remarks: the more so as the author argues that the word Sabbath was understood in Egypt, at the time when the Israelites were there, to mean the day consecrated to *Sab* or Saturn. He adds, that the strictness of Jewish Sabbath observance arose from the bitter recollection of Pharaoh's cruelty, "who made them to work as hard on holidays as on other days." 2. The author secondly objects that Parkhurst discards the Hebrew points, and that the notes to the word *Al-eim* profess to be nothing more than "explanations to assist the investigations of the reader." We are aware that Parkhurst discarded the points; but we also know that the system of Parkhurst has long been given up by every competent Hebrew scholar. With reference to the word *Al-eim*, the author states (page 157), as we mentioned in our review, "that it might be rendered *Al Im, Om, or Am*." 3. In the third place, the author objects that the rendering of *Mit-rain* by Arabia Petrea instead of Egypt, originated not with him, but with Dr. Beke. This makes it none the more true, nor does it render any writer who adopts that interpretation less responsible for it. 4. The author admits that we are right in quoting his

"explanation of the title of 'Son of God' as applied to Christ." Lastly, although the author admits that his work is open to philological strictures, he seems to have wished that we had addressed ourselves to his historical arguments. We have explained in our review why we chose this peculiar line of criticism. But we can assure the author that he would not have fared better at the historical than at the philological bar. A historian who holds "that the Essenes, like the Samaritans, were descendants of the Ten Tribes"; "that the custom of making children pass through the fire to Moloch" was "more generally an amusing pastime" than "a cruel rite," "running between bonfires at no other expense than a little scorching"; that the slaying the firstborn in Egypt was a sacrifice performed by the Egyptian priests themselves, from which the Israelites escaped by fortunately being in the secret and sprinkling their doorposts with blood,—would scarcely command the respect of serious scholars.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1*s.*; Catalogues, 1*s.* JOHN FRESQUET KNIGHT, R.A. Sec.

Closing of the Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS OF BRITISH ART is NOW OPEN, from Ten till Six, and will CLOSE on SATURDAY, May 16. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square), from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall (James's Palace), daily, from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1*s.*; Season Tickets, 5*s.* each. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Modern Artists of the FRENCH SCHOOL, is NOW OPEN, at the French Gallery, 131, Pall Mall (opposite the Opera Colonnade). Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogues, 6*d.* each. Open from Ten to Six daily. R. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

MIDDLE ROSA BONHEUR'S great Picture of the HORSE FAIR.—Messrs. F. & D. COLNAGHI & Co. beg to announce that the above Picture is now ON VIEW at the GERMANY GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street, for a limited period. Admission, 1*s.*

MOSCOW.—BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—NOW OPEN, in the large Room, a magnificent Panorama of MOSCOW, showing all the features of that great city, with the Gorgeous Entry of the Emperor Alexander II. to the Kremlin.—ST. PETERSBURG and BERNSE ALPS remain open. Admission to each, 1*s.* Open from Ten till Dark.—Leicester Square.

RUSSIAN LIFE AND SCENERY.—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square.—DIORAMAS of the Cities and Rivers of EUROPE, the ALPS, MONT BLANC, the RHINE, and SWITZERLAND, CHINA, &c. and of RUSSIAN LIFE AND SCENERY, ST. PETERSBURG, MOSCOW, and the CORONATION of the CZAR, at Twelve, Three, Six, and Eight.—Admission to the whole Building, 1*s.*

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, BADEN, UP THE RHINE, and PARIS, is NOW OPEN EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock.—Stalls, 5*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.* Stalls can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every day between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.—The Morning Representations take place every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

MR. W. S. WOODIN'S OLLIO OF ODDITIES, with new Costumes and various Novelties, vocal and characteristic, every Evening (Saturday excepted), at Eight. A Morning Performance every Saturday, at Three. Private Boxes and Stalls may be secured, without extra charge, at the Box-office, POLYGRAPHIC HALL, King William Street, Charing Cross. Tickets may be had at the principal Musicallers.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, 4, Coventry Street, Leicester Square.—Programme: Lectures by Dr. Kahn, daily at Three o'clock, on highly interesting and instructive topics, and by Dr. Sexton, F.R.S., as follows:—At half-past One, the Phenomena, Curiosities, and Philosophy of the Sense of Sight; at Four, the Great Tobacco Controversy; at half-past Seven the Food we Eat, its Uses, Preparation, Adulteration, and Digestion. The Museum contains 1,000 Models and Preparations, and is wholly unrivalled in the world. Open daily (for Gentlemen only), from Ten till Ten. Admission, 1*s.* Catalogues, containing Dr. Kahn's Lectures, gratis to Visitors.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC is OPEN from 12 to 5 and 7 to 10, having been redecorated and enlarged since the last whole, 1*s.*; Children under Ten and Schools, half-price.—GRAND MORNING and EVENING CONCERTS, at Three and half-past Eight, by the unrivalled HUNGARIAN BAND. Conductor, HANS KALOZEV. Vocalists: Signor and Madame Orosari, from the Royal Italian Opera.—New Lectures by J. H. PEPPE, Esq. on the FIRE ANNIHILATOR, and BREATH and its ADULTERATIONS.—VENTRILOQUISM EXTRAORDINARY, by Mr. JAMES, daily at Two and half-past Seven.—Stevens's Eighty new and beautiful COSMORAMAS and STEREOSCOPES, open from 10 to 4.—NEW SERIES of PICTURES, SLIDING VIEWS, and PANORAMAS, illustrating CHINA and the localities of the present WAR, with an interesting LECTURE on the MANNERS and CUSTOMS of the CHINESE, by E. A. STRECKE, Esq., and Exhibition of many Chinese Curiosities, from Messrs. Hewitt, of Fenchurch Street. Also, another very imposing series, illustrating EGYPT in the TIME of the PHARAOHS, with Description delivered by Leicester Boscawen, Esq., of the Egyptian Museum, except Friday, at half-past Four and a quarter to Ten.—The DISSOLVING VIEWS of BLUE BEARD every Friday.—The Diver and Diving Bell; 3,000 Models and Works of Art; Electrical Experiments; Machinery always in Motion; Montanari's Art Wax-work.

MISS P. HORTON'S NEW ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED will repeat their entirely NEW ENTERTAINMENT, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street, every evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Saturday mornings, at Three.—Admission, 2s. 1s.; Stalls, 3s., may be secured at the Gallery, and at Cramer, Beale & Co's, 50, Regent Street.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—April 30.—The Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair.—A paper was read, 'Inquiries into the Quantity of Air inspired at each Five Minutes, Quarter, and Half-hour of the Day and Night; and under the Influence of various Kinds of Exercise, Food and Medicine, Temperature, &c.,' by Dr. Edward Smith.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 8.—Col. Portlock, R.E., President, in the chair.—The Rev. H. Brass, B.A., was elected a Fellow.—The following communication was read:—'On the Species of Mastodon and Elephant occurring Fossil in Great Britain.—Part I., Mastodon,' by H. Falconer, M.D.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 30.—Joseph Hunter, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Cobham communicated a 'Note on some Discoveries made on the Site of the Rye House, near Ware.'—Mr. B. B. Woodward read 'Notices of the Reformation and the Great Rebellion from the Churchwardens of St. Mary's Parish in Bungay, Suffolk.'

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—April 22.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. H. Holl, W. E. Allen, C. Richardson, W. G. Carter, and H. Wotton were elected Associates.—The Chairman read notices of the Members deceased during 1856:—Mr. G. Atherley, Mr. J. Barnett, Mr. S. Payne, Mr. G. Gwilt, and the Earl of Scarborough.—Mr. Durden sent a drawing of an unusually long specimen of bronze pike-head, denominated *Guean-jon*.—Mr. Corner exhibited a rare specimen of *fauve montre*, made of a fabric woven of fine gold and silver thread and silk, one side representing a gold watch, the other a silver one.—Mr. Syer Cuming read some notes on a collar of S.S.'s, presented to the meeting by Mr. Wills.—Mr. Forman laid upon the table an extraordinary assemblage of Hiberno-Celtic relics of gold, consisting of torques (*torc*), ring-money, &c. Three pieces of the ring-money, together with the torques, were found in a cairn at Ballikelly, near Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, in March, 1854.—The reading of Mr. Vernon Arnold's paper 'On Edington Church, Wiltshire,' and the exhibition of various drawings in illustration of it, occupied the remainder of the evening.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—April 27.—E. J. Farren, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—This was the last Meeting of the session.—Mr. C. G. Fothergill read a paper, 'On the Causes of Fires in London during the Twenty-four Years, 1833–56; with some Remarks on the Deduction of Correct Rates of Premium for Fire Insurances.' It appears that the total number of fires attended by the Fire Brigade during these twenty-four years amounted to 17,816, giving an average of 742 per annum, or very nearly 2 per diem. The average number of fires in each of the sixteen years, 1833–48, was,—totally destroyed, 264; considerably damaged, 114.2; slightly damaged, 438.5; total, 654.1;—and during the eight years, 1849–56,—totally destroyed, 267; considerably damaged, 273.9; slightly damaged, 618; total, 918.6. The proportion per 1,000 fires, therefore, will stand thus:—

Degree of Injury.	Annual Average per 1,000 Fires, 1833–48.	Annual Average per 1,000 Fires, 1849–56.
Totally destroyed	40	29
Considerably damaged ..	207	298
Slightly damaged	603	673

—Of fires caused by candles, curtains, and gas, those in drapers' shops were 61.8 per cent. of the whole number of fires; in lodgings, 52.7; at private houses, 47.9; while in 22 trades of 96 no fires are attributed to such a cause. Among the means of rarer occurrence were mentioned, "sewing and

reading in bed" (26 cases in 24 years); "hunting bugs"; "thawing a water-pipe"; "bottle of whiskey bursting"; "frying fish"; "suicide by charcoal"; "warming beds"; and "sealing letters." A very considerable percentage of total destruction, viz. 8.8 per cent., was observed in churches and chapels; a higher proportion than those among carpenters, joiners, lamp-black makers, musical-instrument makers, and varnish makers. One reason of this may be, that, as places of worship are left unwatched and unoccupied when not in use, it is easier for the fire to develop itself and obtain a hold upon the premises before it attracts attention. A large proportion of the causes of this class of buildings arose from heating apparatus. No instances of total destruction occurred among colour makers, illicit distillers, or lucifer-match makers. Six fires among printers' ink makers had all been either total or considerable; and 34 at theatres had shown no medium between total destruction and slight damage.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 1.—Annual Meeting.—The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., President, in the chair.—The Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors was read and adopted.—A list of books presented accompanies the Report, amounting in number to 312 volumes, and making a total, with those purchased by the managers and patrons, of 1,186 volumes (including periodicals) added to the Library in the year.—The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, The Duke of Northumberland, K.G.; Treasurer, W. Pole, Esq., M.A.; Secretary, Rev. J. Barlow, M.A.; Managers, J. G. Appold, Esq., Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., B. B. Cabbell, Esq., T. Davidson, Esq., W. De la Rue, Esq., G. Dodd, Esq., Sir C. Fellows, Sir H. Holland, Bart., J. C. Moore, Esq., F. Pollock, Esq., M.A., J. Rennie, Esq., J. W. Thripp, Esq., J. Webster, M.D., The Lord Wensleydale, C. Wheatstone, Esq.; Visitors, B. Botfield, Esq., M.P., J. C. Burgoyne, Esq., J. R. F. Burnett, Esq., E. B. Denison, Esq., M.A., Q.C., H. W. Diamond, M.D., C. Wentworth Dilke, jun., Esq., E. M. Foxhall, Esq., J. H. Gladstone, Esq., Ph.D., J. Hicks, Esq., Capt. R. M. Laffan, R.E., T. Lee, Esq., Rev. F. D. Maurice, T. N. R. Morson, Esq., J. Skey, M.D., T. Young, Esq.

May 4.—W. Pole, Esq., Treasurer and V.P., in the chair.—G. E. Dorrington, Esq., and A. Le Nob Walker, Esq., were elected.—The following Professors were unanimously re-elected:—W. T. Brande, D.C.L., as Honorary Professor of Chemistry, and J. Tyndall, Ph.D., as Professor of Natural Philosophy.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Geographical, 8.—'Trigonometrical Survey of India and Mount Everest,' by Lieut.-Col. Waugh, and Mr. Hodgson.
—'On Mohamrah and the Chana Arabs, with reference to the late Operations at the Mouth of the Euphrates,' by Col. Rawlinson.
Tues. Syro-Egyptian, 7.—'Some Account of the Recent Explorations at Warka, or Erech,' by Mr. Ainsworth.
—Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'Description of the Method of Building Bridges upon Brick Cylinders, in India,' by Mr. Bruce.
—Zoological, 2.—Scientific.
—Royal Institution, 3.—'On Italian Literature—the Cinquecento; Lorenzo de' Medici; Poliziano; Ariosto,' by Dr. Loebl.
Wed. British Archaeological Association, 8.—'On Cromwellian Relics,' by Mr. Cuming.
—Graphic, 8.
—Society of Arts, 8.—'On the Means of obtaining increased Supplies of Cotton,' by Mr. Smith.
—Microscopical, 8.
—Ethnological, 8.—'On the Ethnology of the English Language,' by Mr. Wright.
Thurs. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
—Royal, 8.
—Royal Institution, 3.—'On Sound, and some associated Phenomena,' by Prof. Tyndall.
Fri. Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Present State of our Knowledge of the Structure and Functions of Nerve,' by Prof. Huxley.
Sat. Royal Institution, 3.—'On the Relation of Chemistry to Graphic and Plastic Art,' by Prof. Frankland.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MAY brings flowers to Covent Garden, white cravats to Exeter Hall, and pictures to the Academy. No matter how cold or wet or wintry, all three comings come, and the arcade, hall, and show-rooms fill with equal certainty.

The first day at the Academy is equally sure to bring three sorts of people together:—beaming

artists, "well hung," who think the world quite bearable, and do not believe in melancholy,—rejected men who long to hang the Committee who would not hang them,—and friends of portraits who find out and admire, and come as a matter of course "to do the right thing."

As there is no picture this year that rules the crowd, so impatient and so soon tired, we will commence with those epical sketches of Sir E. Landseer that his great experience and genius render delightful in spite of their roughness and rapidity. His best, because most careful picture, and most in his old manner, is *Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale* (345), an excellent bit of unstrained humour. We see a bull-dog, brown and black, chained up against a kennel wall, ready to be taken away by the unseen gentleman, whose knotted hunting-whip hangs on a nail on the pink brick wall, and not far from the green post that produces colour. The bitch, who sits fondling beside him, has her eye turned towards her mate, with such an unhappy consciousness of separation that it is quite tearful. The black and white character of the eye tells the story, and reminds us of our sable brothers on Africa's "sunny strand." The hair is beautifully implied, with the sweeps and curls of graduated blacks, browns, and greys, and as an engraving the picture will be certain to acquire popularity. *Rough and Ready* (93) is a careless sketch, which Sir Edwin has thrown off with less self-respect than usual. The *Scene in Brae Mar* (77) is one of his grand, careless sketches of a buck belling from the very top stone of a Highland mountain, surrounded by his hinds and fawns. A stone-chat has alighted, too, hard by, and a shy, inquisitive rabbit pries up with halting inquiry from the thick smoke of mist, that seethes and rolls above and below, and there, crowned with branching antlers, stands the regal buck, looking down on miles of valley and plain. His dilated defiant nostrils, his full eye, his firm-parted hoof, his great ruff of mane, the close tuftiness of his hide are given as men only can give them who have spent a life in the study of stag nature. Texture, finish, elaboration, there is none, except in a patch or tract of yellow, grass-like hair on the right of the haunch lying down to the left. In all surface, however, that knowledge and taste can produce, without much of that faddling labour that genius too much disdains, Sir Edwin is perfect. In slate rocks, for instance, with their roughness and level cleavages, sometimes grey, sometimes almost pink, growing more beautiful, as some characters do, with the pelting and buffeting of storms, Sir Edwin is a marvel unto many. In colour he gets still more *stately and monotonous*; he never will have any of the liquid lustre of Vandyke's brush. Sir Edwin has a Scotch weather eye, and not the swimming eye that gives a speck of oil the value of a gem.

Peter the Great at the Deptford Dockyard (78) is worthy of Mr. Maclise's imagination,—but still it is only an historical scene, with no room for feeling or humour. The heart is not appealed to; but we are pleased because the painter sees so clearly the rough winter of 1697, and William of Orange's visit to the restless utilitarian of half-tamed Muscovy. The coarse soldier who amused himself by driving a wheelbarrow through Evelyn's quickset hedges, just as he would have dashed at the Pretorian Strelitzes or the rolling surges of the Turkish bands, is spending his time sawing—drilling he had learnt in Russia. His fool, and courtiers, and page, and mistress look on with admiring *ennui*. Menzickoff, Golownin, Galitzin, and Siberian rub elbows with top-sawyers and shapers of trenails. Fussy Burnet thought the Czar was born a ship carpenter,—the vain Divine hated by Swift not quite seeing through the great Russian schemes of Oriental empire, and thinking more of pew rents and parochial Whig politics; but William, silent, dry, and astute, sees a little of it, and does not call the Czar quite a drunken madman after all, though he would not mix with artisans himself, and prefers Bentinck's company. Lords Carmarthen and Shrewsbury are surprised and amused. The difficulty is at first to know which is Peter and which is Paul, for a violent man using an adze in an unnatural way catches the eye.

He seems to be intending the instant death of Peter and the maiming of all his fellow-workmen. He may be the head man, and therefore working double,—but he looks a great deal more like a headman. Eventually, by help of friends and Catalogue, we discover Peter is that muscular-faced, ferociously frank young man on the left hand sawing a plank, and stopping to salute William with a smile which says, "Hard at work you see, Prince." Below, by a fine (?) touch of fancy, a page sucking an orange indicates who the gentleman overhead is. The jester's look, too, with his white-toothed grin, is supremely good,—the half-witted rogue says, "We're getting on, aint we, Peter," though he is gabbling about and only posture making. From behind the fruit and flags three pretty girls, one with hazy blue eyes, look with respectful curiosity at the English King fresh from Holland. Peter wears the rig and fur, woollen stockings still preserved at St. Petersburg, has a rule sticking out of his pocket, and a brown navigator's coat tied round his neck. The black boy with the curly hair and that fidgeting actor out of employment, the monkey, are twice as fine; as for the jester, he is a very emperor, and enjoys the whole thing like a pic-nic. The great sheds behind, with the vessels ready for launching, make a true, but unpleasant, background. Of detail the picture is full: there is a shop full of things, here and there a red telescope, stacks of crossed planks with pigeons resting on their tops, compasses, mallets, shipwrights' tools, and still life. In colour Mr. Macleise by care and the arrangement of a receipt saves himself; the flesh is not all buff and purple, the hair not silk ribbons, nor the skin wood,—red and yellow focus the picture, and the rest is quiet, sober and respectable, neither tinsel nor carrion. In many of the lesser faces the expression is excellent. William's courtly dress, too, and immaculate, thin, tight stockings contrast well with the rough hair and careless look of the Russian monarch and his nobles, with their models of ships, their long boots, and northern aspect and garb.

Mr. Leslie comes out with all his old humour and piquancy this year after a long vacation, which we all must regret. *Sir Roger de Coverley in Church* (213) has the same slovenly finish and pink and purple colour as too many Leslies of old: but still, where are such pretty faces, such gentlemen, or such Irving-like grace of drollery? Worthy and inimicable Sir Roger, not too wise for our great love, and whose frailties all lean towards good, has the habit, after falling into a nap during sermon time, of immediately standing up with a severe air, and sending a servant to waken up one of his tenants who has had the impropriety to nod under the very nose of the pulpit. From a quiet pew behind, Addison watches him with a serene and note-taking smile. The situation is perfect in its humour; nothing can be more delicious or *recherché* than the solemn deliberation with which the powdered varlet shakes the drowsy rustic, on whom Sir Roger fixes a judicial and reproachful eye. A titter is spreading through the forms on which the lads and lasses sit in the aisles. It is a thousand pities the mechanism of Mr. Leslie should have become such mere short-hand.

Mr. Egg's illustration of Thackeray's *Queen Anne's* novel is remarkable for strong yet sober colour, dramatic power, and subdued strength. *Esmond returns after the Battle of Wymondel* (No. 33). About all this excellent painter does there is a quiet tragic force, a certainty and clenched strength, which is most satisfying and remarkable. The composition is fine, but unostentatious,—the Art rather felt than seen,—the colour not gay, but good, and full of a fine meditateness, a rich-blooded melancholy worthy of the sympathy of large-hearted men. About this picture rests a grave sternness which comes quite like a tonic after the sickness of wax-doll eyes in half the pictures that surround us. The proud, ambitious heroine of the novelist, who would rather be a great man's mistress than a poor man's wife, stoops with the haughty condescension of a Beatrice to hoop and knot the scarf of the young soldier. The old lady, with the nose peculiar to the aristocracy, and tower of lace, sits with her back towards us and looks on, while the softer-hearted lady watches the scene in a side

way. Esmond's face is an admirable study of conflicting passions, ashamed to be real and natural, bent and kept in and curbed. The stiff red-skirted dress, the long square-toed cavalry boots, the very action of the hand, help to tell the story. There is beautiful unaffected painting in the Turkey carpet, the table-cloth, and old-fashioned chairs.

A praiseworthy, conscientious picture is Mr. Dyce's *Titian preparing to make his First Essay in Colouring* (107), painted in a way that sets the more careless of the P. R. B.'s an excellent example. A new manner is a healthy sign in Mr. Dyce, who has indulged us with quite enough saints and virgins for the present. Story he tells none; but the sentiment of the scene is suggestive, for we know that that frank-faced, thoughtful boy is one and the same with old Tiziano, with the yard of white beard, who will die eighty years hence, and then by a mere accident of the plague, and will be carried like a king, the Doge weeping, through the water streets of Venice. Now, unconscious of colourmen, he tries to squeeze coloured juices from flowers to paint a Madonna, the statue of which stands on the tree-trunk before him in the orchard. This is a small text for a year's work at leaves and bark and flowers; but Mr. Dyce is quite right, it was worth the trouble, and why should we complain? One cannot be always painting struggling, dramatic situations: and there being a time for all things, as Solomon said, why, there is a time for painting quiet bits of nature that make us think of all the trees we ever saw and of what happened about the time we saw them. The quaint trim dress, purple and yellow, the pointed shoes, are of a pleasantly far back age, and yet match so well with the fresh nature, just the same, of our own day. Nature's fashions do not change, and she sticks with obstinate old maidishness to her four liveries a year—light green, deep green, golden, and white.

This year Mr. Philip is sure and strong: his Spanish scenes are original and most telling in force of colour and composition. In *The Prison Window, Seville* (225), a peasant woman is hanging up her child to the grated window, whence the father, perhaps condemned to death, receives it with rapture. At the court-yard gate an old woman, the mother, occupies the attention of the sentinel (who is carelessly and indifferently lighting a cheroot), with a basket of lace and knick-knacks. A basket of melons and coarse loaves shows the excuse which has enabled the poor wife to gain admittance on that true woman's dangerous mission. The glimpse of blue sky through the arch, the Moorish sort of house, the rich yellow gown, the dash of purple, the stucco, are beautiful surfaces of colours, and the pathos is unquestionable. *Charity* (448) is a grand bit of character. The canon, with the shovel hat and the pink umbrella, paces past the beggar woman, forgetting those pale lips that said so long ago—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The ecclesiastic's hard yellow face, so self-righteous, so cold and unrelenting, is in itself a picture. In the woman's face is a squalid heart-sick look of supplication, which is the history of a heart wrung, bruised and torn. This ecclesiastic does not think much of works, it seems, but has faith enough for a whole chapter.

Prettier, but weaker, follows Mr. Cope, with his well-intentioned *Pilgrim Fathers* (503). Some Puritan families who have lived twelve years in quiet collegiate Leyden, with its limes and churches, come to Delft—crockery Delft—to embark for New England,—being seen safely off by kindly brethren from Amsterdam. The boat is just pushing off, and Mr. Robinson is falling on his knees and commending them with fervent prayer to that God who can guard his own from the panther, the bear, the Red man,—even from the Stuart. The moment is one of pathos, and Mr. Cope feels the moment. The preacher is in earnest, with his upturned eyes; so are the old couple to the left and the old soldier behind, with a heart bleeding drops of tears, and that handsome brown-faced burgher with the Spanish hat. What a pretty innocence is by his side! and we like, too, the little square-browed Dutch child, with the quaint head-dress; the slim boy on the shore is comely; and the fisherman who pushes off the boat does it

with respect, as if he came from a God-serving family. The boy trying the lock of the musket is suggestive; and pleasant is the quiet shore, with the gable-ended houses, the misty trees, and the staked-out bank. The water is not very good, nor is the spirit strong; yet, as a whole, the New England fathers have not been ill used in Old England. The costume is rigidly correct, and the trunk hose comes out in full bagginess and volume. Perhaps there is a trifle of cant somewhere or other in the picture, but where we do not care to know; perhaps in the tremendous Bible the old Puritan displays on his knees, perhaps in an almost unavoidable air of setness and arrangement. What boat now sets off with prayer, and in what guise do emigrants now leave the country that thumbscrews them, not with bigotry but poverty! We should have liked a little more grimness, and sturdiness, and muscle in this picture. Puritanism was not a thing of rose-water and pretty faces, but of stern men with right hands lopped off at bloody blocks, and ears sliced at noisy pillories, and bodies shrunk and wasted in Star-Chamber cells.

Mr. Wallis makes no advance this year, but, nevertheless, holds his place. We must not expect a double crop every season. He has two pictures, one of which is only a sentiment, and another which is only an historical portrait with real background.—*A Sculptor's Workshop, Stratford-on-Avon, A.D. 1617* (458), shows us a red-haired eccentric sort of sculptor giving the finishing touch to the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson looking on and comparing the *post-mortem* cast with the statuary's result. Some children play at the open door, and through the window we see the silver Avon, the church where the great man's ashes lie, and some harshly green turf and trees. An unpleasant foxiness besets and hurts the picture, red hair abounds, and one of the playing children is dressed in orange. The bust of Shakespeare, however, is painted with a most loving and well-spent care. It seems to live, and affects the mind with the feeling that it is about to speak. The gloom and dusk, too, of the shed throw a solemn feeling about the august face and the earnest, devotional look of the friend in his slashed dress, with its lines of scarlet. We see no reason, however, that the children should be in the dress of the nineteenth century. *Montaigne* (501) is not at all to our liking, in spite of our love for the paradoxical, whimsical, wise old Gascon. His flesh is so purple, it has a plague-struck luridness which is impossible, and if possible not worth painting; otherwise, the head is painted with great individuality and strength, though it has scarcely that ingenuousness and philosophic frankness that so often, as he tells us, saved his life in the civil war times, when his castle-doors were thrown open as if to invite death. Made-moiselle de Gourdenay was to him something like what Bettina was to Goethe, an enthusiastic and flattering disciple, who, like many female disciples, thought she admired the philosopher when, in fact, she admired the man. The picture gives us a good idea of the old round room on the third floor of the tower, with its tapestry and clock.

Mr. Millais, anxious to produce an effect at all risks, and to astonish if not to please, plunges with vigour into seas of fancy, not always free from mud at the bottom; though in that sully ooze lie jewels, as we all know. He does not paint with such fanatic love and vehement patience as he used to do years ago; indeed the decline from pictures like the 'Release' to 'Sir Isambard' is extraordinary. *A Dream of the Past, or Sir Isambard at the Ford* (283), is monstrous, and is scarcely redeemed by glimpses and eyelet-holes of beauty. Sir Isambard is pudgy and dwarfish; his horse is of the rare breed whilom seen on the Banbury Road, a cross between the cock-horse and the rocking-horse: if it were dotted with black wafers the resemblance would be complete; Sir Isambard is too small or his horse is too large, that is certain; the nag is wood, board, such a horse as Troy took in, or rather that which took in Troy, rat-flanked, big-headed, long enough for a ship's crew, and altogether such an animal as Noah would have shut the door against. Sir Walter Scott, as is well known, tried the effect of his

chase in the Lady of the Lake upon a veteran hunter, and when it came to the lines

With head erect and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply,

the old rider clapped his hand on his thigh and swore that, if the dogs were hot, they'd be ruined for ever. Scott was satisfied, as the painter was at whose grapes the birds came and pecked. Let Mr. Millais then, some day or other, step down to Aldridge's gateway, and bring up a dozen grooms, and hear their criticism. If they approve, then let Banbury rejoice, and all critics shut their mouths and burn their pens.

The Escape of a Heretic (408) is a Spanish story of the same period, and presents a less pleasant aspect of the good old times. The scene is laid in a cell of the unholty Inquisition in Valladolid, 1559, the week before Good Friday, the great bonfire day. Disguised as Fray Diego, a familiar of the prison, a young Spanish noble has entered in disguise, and is hurrying on a prisoner the hood and dress of the monk he has gagged and bound. The face of the girl, scared and terrified, is just awaking to the joy and hope,—another moment and her stammering tongue would articulate the name of her lover; but he, with pouting lips and straining eyes, enjoins silence. This expression unfortunately is so violent as to be almost ludicrous, because it is not quite the right violence,—it is more tumid than intense, it is the extremity of momentary passion coldly done, and the result is grimace and not pathos. The detail is judicious enough:—the *auto-da-fé* robes blazoned with the religious heraldry, so horribly and mockingly bright in colour, the yellow flames and black devils, the fantastic mitre, the lover's slashed violet velvet coming from under the friar's brown ragged gown, the bare, clean feet;—the enraged monk in the inner cell, straining his eyes in anxiety and dumb indignation, dancing mad yet stiff and still, with his hands tied with his waist-cord behind him, and the hood twisted round his mouth with his own rosary, comes in and finds the birds flown and the nest cold; the poniard in the lover's hand and the green glimpse through the hole in the wall are clever; but this picture has a great fault on its very face,—its meaning is not at once intelligible. At first we see a death struggle, then an escape intercepted, then a monk clothing a boy or girl for an *auto da fé*, then a martyrdom—so on till, our conceit baffled and our curiosity nettled, we spell out the true story by the help of the real document. An angry boy is too much suggested by the ill-favoured brown lover. *News from Home* (50), though rather foxy, is remarkable for a bunch of scarlet ribbons:—the face is weak, and the background gables hamper the scene and are not of the military shape.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur astonishes us this year with no white blaze of a 'Horse Fair,' but delights us instead with a quiet painting full of character and force called *Denizens of the Highlands* (No. 11). On a Highland stony heath, grey dashed with purple, stand three shambling, awkward savages, horned and hoofed, red, brown, and a dull yellowish grey,—their very breath painted, and a streak of light hinting the loch far away below to the left. The unwieldy strength, so truly given, the rough texture of wayward hair, and the low tone of colour are all characteristic of this great painter.

But for the principle of *place aux dames*, we should have given the first notice to M. Ary Scheffer's *Christ crowned with Thorns* (142). This is an Ecce Homo worthy of the old schools. Pity the painting inclines to a flat, buff coloured pastiness, for it is sombre, monastic, and full of the spirit of a religion of forgiveness and love. The face of our Saviour, of a fine intellectual type, wears a grand subdued sorrow, and the brown ruffian pulling the scarlet robe from Christ's shoulders is a fine contrast of colour as well as character. The blue above and the window-sill below have the true old keeping about them. Would the execution were more crisp, round, and bossy.

M. Horace Vernet contributes a clever, chivalrous *Combat* (162), full of power and muscle, and delicious in the expressiveness of paint as a material.

On a plain smoking with the dust of the struggle, beneath a Rhine hill castle, two knights on horse-back joust and battle. The combat has been long, for plumes and broken armour-plates strew the sandy road. One horse, pierced full in the breast with a spear, has at last fallen, and the champion, seizing the moment of his rival's slip, is smashing his plated chest in with a red-handled, heavy battle-axe. A gibbet with a swinging body in the distance hint the story's end. The horses, the gold and blue blazoned shield, the helmets crested with crowns and peacock feathers, stand out vivid as a page of 'Ivanhoe.' The armour, all dashes of light and coloured reflections, is charming as a study.

M. Meissonier, whose brush is a goat's leg, has three gems, *The Chess Players*, *A Lanquenet*, and *A Mousquetaire* (115, 116, 117), all rather brown and hot in the carnations, but still wonders and delights. The men are strutting with corselet, scarf, and plumes, fresh from the Guise's audience-chambers; red and grey, yellow and blue, red and green mark the variety of trunk hose or Flemish breeches. 'The Chess Players,' red and blue, full-skirted men of Hogarth's time, are full of expression. The baffled one looks down puzzled at the board; the other looks up with a smile of careless and predicted triumph. The specks of light on buttons, points, and breastplates literally sparkle like the light on dewdrops. It is pity this clever man is not more ambitious and less of the manufacturer and stereotypist.

Rough, verisimile M. Biard, with his sea and ice, his strength and humour, has a tedious picture, true enough, but no less dull, *Sunday Prayers in Lapland* (4), and one of much more meaning—*Clearing for Action on Board a Man-of-War* (5). The hurry and stir is dashing rendered; earnest sailors running out the cannon, ship boys jumping about with case-shot, captain with spy-glass, and in the distance the enemy's ship bearing down in full feather.

M. Plassan's *Doctor's Visit* (136) is worthy of his powers, and more like what Meissonier might do. It is merely a physician feeling a sick woman's pulse and looking aside at his watch; but an anxious sister in yellow satin is, in its way, as good as Mieris,—we mean the satin, not the anxiety. *The Toilet* and *The Housekeeper* (135 and 137) are both delicate and excellent paintings.

M. Dubufe's *Rosa Bonheur* (40), leaning on a bull, like a second Europa, is a good example of modern French portraiture. Forcible, well drawn and composed, and not devoid of character, the ox is well painted, but is not so daring in texture as it might have been. The somewhat masculine face of the lady who, dressed boldly as a man, used to sketch in the red-floored slaughter-houses of the *abattoirs*, is full of keen intelligence and determination,—the colour of course low in tone, but the effect of the whole pleasing and graceful. M. Dubufe, David's pupil, contributes some forcible but rather heavy half-lengths of Brittany fishermen, long and dark, standing out against walls of green sea (41, 42). M. Duveau's *Seven Sins* (43) is a most ambitious work of the ornamental Paul Veronese allegorical school; but, though cold and burdensome in colour, it is a grand picture, worthy of Cogniet's pupil. The low-toned reds and striped greens, the scattered lutes, tambourines and roses, the reclining beauties, and hesitating prodigal are all indicative of what we think a mistaken school of Art—Ety's, without its ardour or its red and blue intensities and delights. M. Brion, though sketchy and dirty in colour, chooses excellent subjects, thoroughly national and always picturesque,—*The Holy Well* (14), *All Saints' Day* (15). He paints Breton peasants at prayers at roadside chapels, or climbing with ladders to deck open-air crucifixes with festival flowers, or bringing sick children to springs blessed by the Virgin. But M. Brion only wishes to be judicious and picturesque, and so he looks smart and natural does not care a whit for expression or finish. M. Le Poittevin, the most dramatic and vividly picturesque of his race, figures but poorly this year, being content with shabby, crazy, Norman fish-boats, and red and blue, ragged, rough fishermen. Now on a bulk-head letting down a prawn trap (109); now with priest and asperge and a crowd of reverent faces, *Christen-*

ing a Fishing Boat (110). The last is an excellent subject, but treated too slightly and playfully.

Of M. Isabeau's style we have some splendid specimens, wonderful sewings together of rough but strong colours, with a preponderance of red, black, and yellow standing out as doublets and feathers from pale, cold backgrounds. His *Stiff Breeze* (91) is effective with its deep dun and black sails and rolling, stormy sky. The *Old Courtyard in Brittany* (92) is quaint enough with its projecting porch pierced with windows, the round steps and bowing cavalier with the red feather; but the crown of this year's works is his *Morning of the Chase* (90), a hunting departure in Louis the Thirteenth's time,—ladies in balconies, huntmen rating hounds, gallants mounted with arquebuss and sword, and "all that sort of thing." The high, conical roofs of the turrets are strong points with the old French château.

The lesser works are soon dismissed. M. Lambinet stands high among them, with his fresh, honest, little Dutch landscapes, with mills, red roofs, green trees, and a few cows,—ground all dark and dull, sky all bright, with here and there a gleam of English daylight effect on new spring bush, or slope of pasture, or clear grey stream where the bargemen haul and pull. His *View near Amsterdam* (96) is one of the best. M. Lassalle's *Return from Market* (104) is, for a French scene, unusually golden and luminous. M. Portaels is horrible in colour but effective in his *Simoon in the Desert* (138), one of those phenomena that men are never weary of trying to reach both in painting and writing. When once well done, the competition will be less. The camels and Arabs hurry to shelter. The brown dust tears up in long lashing waves like flame, and in the horizon a ghastly, supernatural light breaks and widens. The dark camel standing out against this terrible splendour is obvious but well put.

M. Gerome has a very quiet and yet effective scene, *Egyptian Recruits crossing the Desert* (70). The slaves, brown and black, have their reluctant hands coupled in curious wooden portable stocks. The Arnauts pace along, stern and full of authority, with their red and yellow scarfs, white Greek tunics, and odd-shaped matchlocks. M. Devedeux takes the more common sense Lalla-Rookh view of Oriental life,—flowers, gold-stuffs, and chibouks are his material:—yet often, when not too hot or entangled, he is glowing and rich in his somewhat unmeaning splendours,—as in the *Eastern Rose* (34), where the painting is solid and good. M. Engelhardt's *Scene in the Alps* (51) has the old merit,—the firs are fresh and needle-like, and the water is of a rare semi-opaque blue, like a sapphire with a cloud of breath over it. M. Duverger's *New Pelisse* (49) is simple and natural: no sentiment and not much expression; but still the childlikeness is innocent and pure—which French childlikeness is not always. M. Guillemin's *Birthday* (72*)—a peasant with a bouquet knocking, with a knowing smile, at a door—is a capital figure, firmly put in. M. Gircher's *Swiss View* (78) is a pleasant union of green water, sunset, and snow, and is good in tone. M. Hamon's *Young Girl Asleep* (50) has great beauty, but is rather be-fogged and indistinct. M. May's *Zouaves recounting their Adventures to an Old Imperial Soldier* (114), though dramatic and effective, is spoiled by the affected ill-drawn figure of the woman. M. Ziem's Venetian views are not much; one dull and weak, the other vivacious and weak (168, 169, 170). The black cocked-hat of Van Seben's *Huntsman* (161) stands out with great force from a white gritty wall. M. Tassaert shows sentiment in his *Distress* (149); and M. Troyon is always effective and pleasing in his cattle and landscape pieces. *Going to Market* (156) is large and lucid in manner:—the red cows and green rushes are a pleasant union. His *Norman Coast Scene* (160) is deserving of notice. M. Palizzi's *Lambs* (127), of the Emperor's Marino breed, and *Goats* (126) are bright and clever, full of action and refreshingly distinct and individualized. So are Mdlle. Miccas's *Turkeys and Ducks* (113, 119),—not unworthy of a lady who is Rosa Bonheur's pupil. The black and blue eyes of the turkeys, and their pendulous scarlet wattles, are painted with a sort of quiet humour and *safoir*.

Noël's *Châse* (120).—Madame Herbelin's miniatures of Rossini, and Isabeau, and the young French Prince, are clever and not weak.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Baily has been commissioned by his fellow Academicians to design the Turner Medal.

Mr. Pye wishes us to insert the following notes:—
"42, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square, May 5.

"In your last number, speaking of the last Hampstead *Conversazione*, you say:—'Mr. Pye exhibited, in a separate room, his impressions of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' showing the plates in their various stages of wear and repair.' Had your reporter said, that Mr. Pye exhibited a series of fine proofs of the 'Liber' plates and duplicates, and also a number of triplicates, displaying changes of effect wrought by the great painter's hand on each plate as often as it became deteriorated by printing,—his notice of the evening's entertainment would have been truthful, and some such record as the *Athenæum* might well have made of such a novel exhibition. But the 'Liber Studiorum' of Turner, though much talked of, is little known; and few persons are aware that he himself made the reparations to the plates,—that in so doing he never restored the effect of a subject to its original state;—but that, on the contrary, he displayed his inventive power by rendering the old engraved work applicable to the production of a new effect. Having said thus much by way of explanation, I have now to request that you will, as an act of justice to the Hampstead *Conversations* and to the works I exhibited there, have the goodness to insert this communication in the next number of the *Athenæum*. I am, &c. JOHN PYE.

As a novelty, we notice that the Messrs. Smith & Son have prepared a Special Catalogue of Books on the Fine Arts, "embracing all the most important works published on Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture," with the biography and anecdote belonging to the several themes. The list is compiled with an express reference to the collection of Art-Treasures in Manchester.

The following needs no introduction:—

"Easton, near Woodbridge, May 4.
"Seeing by your last number of the *Athenæum* that 'The Three Marys,' from Castle Howard, will be the popular painting at the Great Manchester Exhibition, it may be interesting to the lovers of Art to know that 'The Entombment by the Three Marys and Nicodemus,' by the same artist, is in my possession—a painting worthy of being known to the lovers of that highly celebrated artist's works. I have, also, a coloured plate of 'The Three Marys at the Tomb.' Perhaps one of your Correspondents can favour me with information where the painting now is. I am, &c. JAS. CLARKE."

The following note on the art of photographing new forms of Nature and Art explains its own meaning:—

Edinburgh.

As a photographic process styled the "Haliotype" is now attracting public curiosity for its alleged stereoscopic effect, or approach to it, it will you allow me in your columns to call attention to some other processes, by which such results may be, I believe, obtained in a much more perfect and convenient way. I have not, I confess, seen the "Haliotype," and cannot, therefore, criticize its effect, but the contrivance does seem to me a rather clumsy and unscientific one. As far as I can discover, the pictures placed above one another are not over originally stereoscopic ones to begin with. The plans which I have proposed for obtaining an approach to stereoscopic effect are the following:—
1. The printing of one positive from a pair of stereoscopic glass or paper negatives, placed the one above the other, or the printing from a negative which has been in the first instance itself printed from two stereoscopic positives, placed one above the other, all this being done in the pressure frame. 2. The taking in the camera of a single negative from two stereoscopic positives at once by an arrangement which will unite the two into one. This is accomplished by using a lens with the whole of its outer surface covered by a close fitting cap, with the exception of two eye-holes, which are left at a convenient distance in a horizontal line. The combined picture may be softened down by a pencil, with or without colours; or we might, if wished, combine more than two into one by using more pictures and more eye-holes, or a separate lens with the axes suitably adjusted. 3. We may take our negative from Nature direct in the ordinary way, but with our lens blocked up, as in our last, with the exception of the two circular openings which represent our two eyes, and which give us, in our resulting negative, precisely the two pictures which would be seen by our two eyes combined into one

picture. But as, though combined in a certain sense, they are not absolutely connected, except in one point, a little softening down may be desired, which may be effected either in the positive or in the negative, as wished. 4. We may work with a lens having its top and bottom portions blocked up in front, so as to prevent any of the rays from our object falling on them; the light being thus admitted only to a narrow horizontal band across it. By this we get the same two pictures as we do by the last arrangement from the two extremities of our horizontal belt; while the space between these extremities, by an infinite number and variety of intermediate pictures which it yields, serves to shade the two extreme ones imperceptibly into one. This last process is what I would recommend; and though we may not get by it what I at first expected when I began to devote attention to the subject, namely, that perfect solidity which Sir David Brewster has now most beautifully shown to be produced, and only producible by the successive convergences of the optic axes on different points, we will yet obtain a picture which is a much better compromise with visible nature, as seen by a two-eyed animal, than any which ordinary one-picture photography can produce, and which may be, also, of no small use to the painter and other artists who profess to represent visibly Nature as on a flat surface, in showing them how much and what part of Nature they ought to aim at giving us. The two latter plans I communicated to the Edinburgh Photographic Society, in a paper read before it on February the 10th of this year; but as they have not yet been brought fully out in the literary organ of that society, I would be much obliged by your giving photographers in general an earlier opportunity of comparing them with the new "Haliotype" process. Sir David Brewster's eye-lenses will, no doubt, give us a much more perfect picture than our belt or band lens, and a picture most valuable as a mathematical projection, and for many purposes; but then it is not the picture which we do see in Nature, and which we therefore look for in Art. Rather give us, for general purposes, a tolerable approximation to what we do see, than the best possible representation of what we do not see. The common lens gives pictures which err by redundancy; Sir D. Brewster's eye-lens pictures, which, though the most exquisitely perfect things in the world, are not just what we are looking for, and our band-lens a picture which, though only a compromise picture, as we have already stated, will yet, we think, prove more satisfactory than either to non-Cyclopean "ungowned" humanity. The band-lens will also have the advantage in rapidly giving the one-eyed lens of the same width, or we may reduce the breadth farther without making it unworkably slow in its operation. Should any one be anxious to get a picture of Nature in an out-of-the-way aspect, he has only to turn the lens till the belt is upright instead of horizontal, when he will get a picture of the same class which he sees in looking at Nature with his head lying on one side. I am, &c. C. J. BURNETT.

P.S.—I do not know whether any one has been before me or not in an experiment as to the taking of photographs from the images produced by the kaleidoscope. The results might be convenient for reference to our Art-manufacturers. We require for this purpose a suitable lens before the plates of the kaleidoscope. As to the system of band-lens, which I recommend, its application might, of course, be extended to microscopic photography and to other purposes.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, Patron.—Mr. CHARLES HALLE will play, for the first time this Season, at the Third Matinée, on TUESDAY, May 19.

J. ELLA, Director.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—Programme for THIS DAY:—1. Symphony in E flat, Mozart; 2. Sonata and Aria, No. 10, Mozart; 3. Miss Banks, Violin Obligato; 4. Mr. Watson; 5. Capriccio for Pianoforte, Mendelssohn; 6. Gunther; 7. "Adeleide," Beethoven; 8. Montem Smith; 9. Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz; 10. Song, "Bid me discourse," Bishop; 11. Miss Banks; 12. Air, "The Rose Tree," de Berlioz; 13. Mr. Watson; 14. Ballad, "My Pretty Jane," Bishop; 15. Montem Smith; 16. Overture, "Preciosa," Weber.—Doors open at Twelve; Concert at Half-past Two. Admission, Half-a-crown.

Messrs. B. BLAGROVE and HAROLD THOMAS.—THREE MATINEES MUSICALES, at Willa's Rooms, on MONDAYS, May 11, June 8, and July 6, to commence at half-past Two. Artists: Madame Weiss, Madlle. Röckel, Mrs. Haynes, Miss Dolby; Signor Manas, Messrs. Charles Braham, Benson, Weiss, and the Orpheus Glee Union, M.M. Sinton, H. Blagrove, Lucas, Guppy, E. Blagrove, Lindsay Sloper, W. G. Cousins, and Harold Thomas; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s. 6d. Molière's *Sonata* (Op. 27) for Pianoforte and Concertina will be performed at the First Matinée on Monday next.

Signor and Madame FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY EVENING, May 19. To commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Miss Dolby, Madame Ferrari, Signor Ferrari, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Ries, Herr Lidel, and Signor Giulio Regondi. Accompanist, Mr. W. G. Cousins. Tickets, 7s. 6d. to be had at the principal Music Warehouse; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only at Signor Ferrari's Residence, Devonshire Lodge, Portland Road, Portland Place.

HERR ERNST PAUER has the honour to announce that his THIRD and LAST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at Willa's Rooms, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 20, to commence at half-past Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Pauer and Madlle. Stubbe. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Pauer, Pircher, Sinton, Platt, Pratten, Nicholson, Harper, Dando, and Severn. Family Tickets (to admit three) one Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, which may be had at the principal Music Warehouse; and of Herr Ernst Pauer, 3, Cranley Place, Uxlow Square.

Mr. W. G. CUSINS'S TWO MATINEES MUSICALES, at Willa's Rooms, MONDAYS, May 11 and June 8, at half-past Two. Artists: Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby; Messrs. Reichardt, Redfern, Weiss, Sinton, Rémy, Blagrove, Watson, Platt, Lucas, Howell, B. S. Pratten, Nicholson, & Harold Thomas. Tickets, 7s. 6d. & G. Cousins, 56, Upper Norton Street, W.

LES BOUFFES PARISIENS, St. JAMES'S THEATRE.—First Representation, WEDNESDAY, May 19.—1. MISÉRECORDIE, Opéra, 1 Act.—2. LES DEUX AYEULES, Scène Comique, 1 Act.—3. BA-TA-GLAN, Bouffonnerie Chinoise, 1 Act. Principal Characters by Messrs. Pradon, Guyot, Gerpe, and Lenoe; Madlle. Dalmont, Marcel, Belpoir, and Macé. Their first appearance in this country. The Orchestra of the Bouffes will accompany these Representations, under the direction of the popular composer, M. Offenbach. To commence at half-past eight o'clock. This Engagement being limited to one month, performances will be given every Evening.—Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be engaged at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 39, Old Bond Street.

COLOGNE CHORAL UNION.—DER KÖLNISCHER MANNER-CHOR.—VEREIN (Eighty Men Voices).—The engagement of Herr FRANZ WEBER, Mr. Mitchell begs to submit the arrangements for the first week:—
Monday Afternoon, May 25 Hanover Square Rooms.
Tuesday 26
Wednesday 27
Thursday Evening, 28 Exeter Hall.
Friday Afternoon, 29 Hanover Square Rooms.
Saturday 30
The Afternoon Concerts will commence at Half-past Three, and the Evening Concert at half-past Eight.—The engagement of this distinguished Society is positively limited to two weeks.—Tickets for the whole of the above Concerts may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 39, Old Bond Street.

MISS MACIRONE has the honour to announce that her SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at Willa's Rooms, St. James's, on MONDAY, June 8, to commence at Eight o'clock. The performance will be assisted by the most eminent artists.—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Single Tickets, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit four, 11 4s.—May be had of Messrs. Addison, Lucas, & Co., 210, Regent Street; J. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street; J. Campbell, 53, New Bond Street; and the principal Musicians; and at Miss Macirone's Residence, 14, Porteus Road, Maida Hill West. Full particulars will be duly announced.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The first Opera Concert was given at the Crystal Palace yesterday week in its new site and before a large audience. That the arrangements for June made change of place inevitable may be readily understood; but there is no denying that, by removal from the nave to the transept, the picturesque charm of side-scenery, which added last year so much to the luxurious pleasure of the music, is lost. Neither does the locality seem quite so good for sound as the old one. Musically, these concerts give us little new to say; but that the Covent Garden chorus holds its own, and that English part-music holds its public, might both be gathered from the *encore* deservedly given to a choral song by Mr. Pearsall. The other *encore* fell to the lot of Signor Neri-Baldini for his expressive and highly-finished singing of an aria from 'Maria di Rohan.'

At the second Philharmonic Concert not an echo of a new symphony—not a note of a new overture—was to be heard, but the "Hebrides" Overture of Mendelssohn, to which the old subscribers are at last growing accustomed (after having heard it for some twenty years with apathy) got an *encore*. For *solo* in the first part, M. Rémy, the gentleman who has replaced M. Sinton in Her Majesty's band, was ill-advised enough to attempt the *Concerto pathétique* of Herr Ernst. This noble *allegro* is one of the most difficult compositions for the violin in being—and was thus an unfortunate choice for a player habitually false in intonation, meagre in tone, and incomplete in execution,—which, from his performance on Monday evening, we judge M. Rémy to be. If an under-sized actress, who can hardly speak plainly, will "come out as *Célimène* or as *Cleopatra*, whose fault is it if that worn servant of the public, the critic, speak too plainly to suit her *amour-propre*? The cases are analogous. The other *solo* was a performance on the *contrabasso* by Signor Bottesini. The singers were Madame Enderssohn and Miss Lascelles, whose voice we still hold in such high esteem as the noblest English *contralto* voice we have ever heard, that we cannot but wish she would show more signs of musical and vocal progress.

The second concert of the Musical Union anew convinced us of the superiority of Herr Ernst to any other violinist as a leader and reader of chamber-music, in right of pathos and of passion, breadth of style, intensity of feeling, and exquisite regard to detail. M. Paque claims a word of praise as a modest and improving artist who proved capable of taking Signor Piatti's place satisfactorily. Madame Schumann appeared for the first time this year, playing, not with more nerve, but with more neatness, than she did in 1856;—and thus doing the utmost justice to her simple yet impassioned reading of her author. The *Sonata* was the noble one in *f* minor by Beethoven. There are two manners of playing:—playing as a composer is one,—playing as an interpreter is the other. The latter is the better manner for players to select who are not composers,—the former being apt to tempt those

who adopt it into an effrontery of style which professes to be large, but is only untidy.—The line of distinction is a nice one, but one which is clearly to be traced,—and especially with advantage, we think, by female pianists.

'Elijah' was given by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* on Wednesday evening.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The difference between Mr. George Webster and Mr. Dillon appears to have been settled, as the latter performed at this theatre, on Friday and Saturday, in 'Virginus' and 'Belphégor.' On Monday, Mr. Edmund Falconer, the author of 'The Cagot,' appeared in a French piece founded on the trial of Madame Laffarge, and entitled 'The Lady of St.-Tropez,' and written for M. Frédéric Lemaître. The part which he sustained is the husband, whom the lady in question is wrongfully supposed to have poisoned, one *George Maurice*, a merchant manufacturer, sea-captain, and landowner at St.-Tropez. The character presents ample opportunities for good domestic acting; and Mr. Falconer availed himself of them with much power and more intelligence. Some passages, we remarked, were rendered in blank verse; and these were distinguished by similar inversions to those that marked the style of 'The Cagot.' Against these sins Mr. Falconer must be warned. They give no strength either to the verse or the expression, but mar the latter with an intrusion of artificiality altogether destructive of natural feeling. Such inversions, besides, are puerilities in composition, and not justifiable by reference to the Shakespearian blank verse, though Mr. Sheridan Knowles be a great offender in this way. The former wrote simply, "To be or not to be, that is the question"; the latter would probably have written, "To be or not to be, the question is"; and Mr. Falconer must certainly would have indorsed the fault. To these remarks, intended for the good of the gentleman to whom they refer, we have only to add, that the play and player on this occasion were both successful.

ADELPHI.—On Monday, a French adaptation, under the title of 'Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,' was produced. It is founded on 'L'Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine' of M. Labiche. Mr. Paul Bedford and Mr. Wright are the two bacchanals, who conceive they may have committed a murder on the previous evening, after a dinner with "the social villagers" at Highbury, when they wandered they knew not where, and got home they knew not how. They breakfast together, and are mutually possessed with the horrible idea of "suppressing" one another, that neither may turn queen's evidence in regard to the supposed murder. This is certainly a critical point for farcical mirth to turn upon, but not the first time that the experiment has been made and proved successful. On this occasion it proved eminently so; and the meriment provoked, on the part of the audience, was indeed thorough-going. So closely allied are tragic emotion and comic humour, as distinguished from wit. In this instance, the whole effect is wisely left to the histrionic specialities of the two artists engaged, who laboured diligently in their relative vocations.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Excellent performances of 'La Favorita' and 'Lucrezia' have been given at the *Royal Italian Opera*, during which Signor Neri-Baraldi has counted a step forward by the skilful manner in which he replaced Signor Mario on the occasion of the great tenor's sudden indisposition. Every fraction of such a success as this is "good money," and not that fairy gold that turns into slate stones when daylight replaces the glare of the stage lamps. Madame Cerito has reappeared in a new *divertissement*, 'La Brésilienne.'—Madame Bosio has arrived.—A contemporary states that Mdlle. Victoire Balle will make her first appearance on the 21st as *Amina* in 'La Sonnambula.'

We hear that the first appearance of Miss Kemble as a concert singer will take place in the course of the present musical season.

We observe among the fashionable arrangements

of the coming summer another "Musical Festival" announced, to be held in *Her Majesty's Theatre*, and to be conducted by Mr. Benedict.

A Correspondent, "C—," who appeals to us on the score of our known disinclination to literary piracy, in regard to the republication in London, without authority, of the letter-press belonging to a singing-book, by that strenuous American Professor, Mr. Lowell Mason, forgets the unsatisfactory state of the musical copyright question at the time being, during which every one seems now licensed to lay hands on everything, unless the same has been so bound fast by "loops and ties," and has been nationalized by processes so expensive as regards money or time as to defy the foresight of any common artist or producer. He obliges us, too, to inquire whether the Americans have been so sensitive in rendering *Cæsar's* things unto *Cæsar* as they should be, ere an appeal like this may look for any very brisk sympathy on this side of the Atlantic.

By tidings from America we learn that M. Thalberg intends for the present taking up his residence in New York, and that Miss Louisa Pyne is by this time on her way home to England.

We have already announced the leading features of the Whiteside Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, but the programme of the miscellaneous performance on the second day, June the 1st, may be given in detail. "It is to consist of Schubert's Symphony in C major,—a *Cantata* by Bach, 'Des Sängers Fluch,'—a *Cantata* by Schumann,—a symphonic poem by Dr. Liszt,—and 'L'Enfance de Christ,' by M. Berlioz." At the third (or artists') concert, Herr von Balow will perform a *Concerto* on the pianoforte by Dr. Liszt.—A new Psalm by Herr Reintaler, of whose promise as a composer there is no need for us to speak, was the other day produced at a choral meeting at Cologne.—A friend just arrived from the Rhineland states that the inauguration of the Gürzenich Hall, at Cologne, may, after all, take place this year by a musical festival, to commence on the 15th of October.

'Joconde,' by Étienne and Nicolo, has just been revived at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, with complete success.—Mdlles. Lefebvre and Boulart and M. Faure taking the principal parts.

From Rome a line arrives which reminds us of one of the exhibitions witnessed by the Grays and Walpoles. "In the Philippine Oratory," we read, "a religious melo-drame, 'St. Cecilia,' in two parts, has been performed, the words by Signor Marini, the music by maestro Puccirelli."

MISCELLANEA

Corrupt English.—Allow me to say a few words with respect to the subject on which your Correspondent "Philos" writes. In Dr. Richardson's Dictionary, or in the Lexicon of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' also by Dr. Richardson, he will find the verb "to progress," occupying honourable places in selections from our great classics. More than this, he will find even the despised past participle, "progressing," immortalized by the pen of Milton. Two examples from the works of Shakspeare and Milton I will give:—

Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That slendly doth progress on thy cheekes.
Shakspeare, 'King John,' fol. 19.

"In supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevocable circle of eternity, they shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure for ever."—*Milton's Works*, Vol. I. fol. 29, 'Of Reformation in England.'

—Perhaps I may be allowed to suggest that the zeal of your Correspondents on this subject is carrying them a little too far.

I am, &c.

A.

St. James's Square, April 25.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. E.—E. F.—E.—H. E. F.—E. Y.—M. S.—C.—M. D.—W. and M.—W. K.—Not an American.—C. W.—J. M.—A. M.—A. Young Reader.—D. C.—C. P. M.—C. W.—C. O.—received.

Errata.—P. 563, col. 1, l. 19, for "now," read *how*; l. 32, for "Dauci," read *Dami*; l. 64, for "archness," read *harshness*.

TO BE HAD AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

THE NEW NOVELS,

PUBLISHED BY

HURST & BLACKETT,

(Successors to Henry Colburn.)

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

DARK and FAIR. By the Author of 'ROCKINGHAM,' &c. 3 vols.

"The Author of 'Rockingham' has surpassed himself in 'Dark and Fair,' and has produced an original and entertaining story, so dramatic that we cannot help thinking how admirably it would adapt itself to the comic stage. The characters are few and distinctly drawn. The story—we won't let the reader into the secret of it—is simple and spiritedly told. The dialogue is smart, natural, full of character. The women are sketched with a decision and delicacy that make them live before you. In short, 'Dark and Fair' takes its place among the cleverest novels of the season, and deserves to be popular. It is the cream of light literature, graceful, brilliant, and continuously interesting."—*Globe*.

"This work is likely to be one of the most successful of the season. It is brilliant and sparkling in its style, amusing and entertaining in its story, and possesses pre-eminently that knowledge of the world which imparts to the descriptions of persons and the details of things a life-like impress,—a local habitation and a name." It introduces us to the highest circles, but its tone is free from conventional restraint. The interest never flags.

"Full of the pleasantest light reading."—*Examiner*.

"A very clever novel. It will add to the reputation which the noble author has already so deservedly attained."—*Advertiser*.

THE ROSE of ASHURST. By the

Author of 'EMILIA WYNDHAM,' &c. 3 vols.

"This story inevitably pleases, because a clever and right-minded woman seems to have really put her heart into the telling of it. An air of enjoyment in the writing finds its way into the reading."—*Examiner*.

"This novel is one of interest and of something more. It is a book which it does one good to read."—*Chronicle*.

"In the story of 'The Rose of Ashurst' there is a great deal of sterling beauty of sentiment and fine sketches of domestic life and character. The descriptive passages are peculiarly happy, and the tale, as a whole, is equal to the earlier productions of the author, which have established her reputation as a writer of fiction."—*Post*.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

NEW and CHEAPER EDITION, complete in 1 vol. Price 10s. 6d. bound.

"This is a very good and a very interesting novel. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in high spirit, and written with great ability, better than any former work, we think, of its deservedly successful author."—*Examiner*.

"The author's best work. Everybody who ever reads a novel should read this one."—*Critic*.

"John Halifax" is one of the noblest stories among modern works of fiction. The interest of the story is entrancing, the characters admirably sustained, and the moral excellent."—*Press*.

ALCAZAR: A Romance. By J. R.

BESTE, Esq. Author of 'Modern Society in Rome,' 'The Wabash,' &c. 3 vols.

"All the talent displayed in the former works which Mr. Beste has written seems to have been concentrated upon this deeply interesting tale."—*Messenger*.

"There are novelty of scenery and subject in 'Alcazar,' with plenty of variety and adventure."—*Spectator*.

"The announcement of a new work by this brilliant and successful writer must have been gratifying to many. In 'Alcazar' the author has added another to his list of successes."—*Sun*.

THE DAYS of MY LIFE. By the

Author of 'Margaret Maitland,' &c. 3 vols.

"Full of touching passages and well-wrought scenes."—*Examiner*.

"The author writes with her usual fine capacity for the picturesque, and her invariable good sense, good feeling, and good taste. No part of the narrative is uninteresting."—*Advertiser*.

MARGUERITE'S LEGACY. By Mrs.

T. F. STEWARD. 3 vols.

"A clever and skilful composition—a well-constructed and well-told tale."—*Spectator*.

"Rarely have we met with a more interesting book than this. The story is of a most thrilling description. The authoress writes with much vigour, and from the faithful delineation of her characters, the admirable selection of the incidents, and the graphic description of scenes and events, the reader is enchanted with the work throughout."—*Chronicle*.

THE SECOND WIFE. 3 vols.

"This novel is well and gracefully written, the characters are accurately and distinctly drawn, and the interest of the story holds us in suspense from the first chapter to the last. The thrilling interest of the old romance is added to a story of the day related by a pure and religious-minded woman, who has a higher aim in pleasing than to please, and who is successful to an unusual extent."—*Globe*.

GOOD IN EVERYTHING. By Mrs.

FOOT. 2 vol. 21s.

[Next week.]

Also, just ready,

NOTHING NEW. By the Author of

'John Halifax.' 2 vols. 21s.

Preparing for publication on or before June 1, in 1 vol. crown 8vo. with Map and View, price 1s.

THE PRINCIPLES OF COLLEGIATE EDUCATION,

DISCUSSED AND ELUCIDATED IN A DESCRIPTION OF

CNOLL COLLEGE,

VALE OF NEATH, SOUTH WALES.

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION, adapted to the wants of the age.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6, Charing Cross; EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; WESTERTON, Knightsbridge; and all Booksellers and Railway Stations.

This day,
Price Half-a-Crown,

DE QUINCEY ON CHINA.

Price 7s. 6d.

EDINBURGH DISSECTED.

Including STRICTURES ON ITS INSTITUTIONS, LEGAL, CLERICAL, MEDICAL, EDUCATIONAL, &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS OF A TORY COUNTRY GENTLEMAN;

With a Variety of other Curious and Interesting Matter.

In a Series of LETTERS, addressed to ROGER CUTLAR, Esq., by his NEPHEW.

Just published, price 10s. 6d.

CHRISTIANITY AND OUR ERA.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Edinburgh: JAMES HOGG. London: R. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS.

Just published, price 1s. 6d. bound in cloth,

THE GARDEN MANUAL;

Or, PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS for the CULTIVATION of all KINDS of VEGETABLES, FRUITS, and FLOWERS; Giving Directions for the ARRANGEMENT and FORMATION of GARDENS.

With full details of all the Operations necessary in the Management of the

KITCHEN GARDEN,
FRUIT GARDEN,

FLOWER GARDEN, and
FLORISTS' FLOWERS.

Illustrated with Engravings and Plans.

By the EDITORS and CONTRIBUTORS of 'THE COTTAGE GARDENER.'

London: 'Cottage Gardener' Office, 20, Paternoster-row; to be had of all Booksellers.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Now ready,

HARDWICKE'S SHILLING HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR 1857;

Containing a LIST of MEMBERS of PARLIAMENT, and the PLACES they REPRESENT; with a short Biographical Notice of the Birth, Marriage, and Family Connexion of each Member; his Political Bias and Patronage; a Brief List of the Offices and Appointments which he has hitherto held; and his Address in Town and Country.

The SHILLING PEERAGE, SHILLING BARONETAGE, and SHILLING KNIGHTAGE may also be had of any Bookseller.

Preparing for publication, in crown 8vo. at various prices, ranging from 6d. to 2s. 6d.

A SERIES OF CHEAP AND READABLE

BLUE BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Edited by EDWARD WALFORD, Esq. M.A.

It is intended that each Number of the 'BLUE BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE' shall be devoted to a single subject, and be issued complete in itself. This Series will present a careful and popular epitome of all the large Blue Books and Parliamentary Returns issued from time to time.

Ready in June.

1. MILITARY EDUCATION.

2. THE POST-OFFICE.

To be followed by

COLONIES,
EDUCATION,
SANITARY AND HEALTH,

INLAND REVENUE,
CUSTOMS,
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM;

And such subjects as the Proprietors may consider of general interest.

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 26, Duke-street, Piccadilly.

MR. HORACE ST. JOHN'S HISTORY OF
the BRITISH CONQUESTS IN INDIA. 3 vols. 8s.—
"The events and characters pass rapidly, and leave vivid impressions on the mind."—*Examiner*. Hurst & Blackett.

This day, 8vo. 18s.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE REPRESSION OF
CRIME, contained in Charges to the Grand Juries of Birmingham; supported by Additional Facts and Arguments, by
MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL, Q.C.
London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.

PARLIAMENT.

CONVOCATION.—THE GUARDIAN of Wednesday next, May 18, will contain a Special Report of the Proceedings in both Houses of Convocation for the Province of Canterbury, and a full Account of the Opening of Parliament. Published every Wednesday, price 7d., at the Office, 3, Burlington-street, Strand, W.C.

Price 6d.

JOURNALISM AND THE PULPIT. By the
Rev. DAVID THOMAS, Editor of 'The Homilet.'
Ward & Co. 37, Paternoster-row.

AT THE LIBRARIES.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 31s. 6d.

MADARON; or, the Artisan of Nismes: an
Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By D'AU-
BIGNY WHITE.
London: W. & F. G. Cash, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.

This day is published, in 1 vol. thick 8vo. (of 600 pp.) cloth boards, price 5s., followed by Purchasers to the amount of 2d.)
CATALOGUE GÉNÉRAL DES LIVRES
FRANÇAIS, ITALIENS, ESPAGNOLS, Anciens et Modernes, qui se trouvent chez Barbès & Lowell, Libraires, 14, Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

This Catalogue contains a vast selection of all the most important works in all departments of French Literature, and Special Literature, many of which have been collected during repeated journeys on the Continent. In it will be found a fine collection of works on Theology, Philosophy, Diplomacy, Natural History, Mathematics, Military Art, Chess, Transactions of the principal Learned Societies of Europe, a most extraordinary selection of works on the Fine Arts, Painting, Archaeology, Miscellaneous Literature, History, Numismatics, Memoirs, Voyages and Travels, including all the Explanatory ones published at the expense of the French Government.

* * * A separate Catalogue of Elementary Books and Popular Publications may be had, price 1s.

Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

LECTURES IN AID OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT: On—1. Self-improvement and the Motives to it—2. Religion as a Study—3. Books and Reading—4. Conversation and Discussion—5. Manners and Social Respectability—and 6. Circumstance and Character. By THOMAS T. LYNCH, Author of 'The Rivulet,' 'Memorials of Theophilus Frisal,' &c.
"A compact little volume of instructive and suggestive essays, unaffectedly adapted to promote the object professed by the author."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

"An earnest and thoughtful work, elegantly written, and well calculated to advance the religious, moral, and intellectual culture of the age."—*Critic*.

"There is a charm about Mr. Lynch's style, the charm of graceful good sense, which recommends everything he has got to say."—*Westminster Review*.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts.

HAVE'S FRENCH IN ONE VOLUME, on a New Plan.

Large 8vo. strongly bound, price 6s.

HAVE'S COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS-BOOK; or, Grammatical and Idiomatic French Manual, prepared expressly for the use of English Learners. By A. HAVEY, French Master, Glasgow Athenæum, &c. This theoretical and practical work, which is in use in many public and private schools, is the only book required by beginners, being at the same time adapted to the most advanced students. It contains—I. A Progressive French Reader—II. Copious Vocabulary—III. A complete Accidence and Syntax, exhibiting a continual comparison between the English and French Languages—IV. French Lessons Illustrative of all the Idioms—V. Abundant Exercises—VI. French Conversations upon all topics, &c.

London: Dulau & Co.; W. Allan; Simpkin & Co.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, on Definite Rules of Translation, with an English Version of the same; in Nine Parts. By HERMAN HEINFETTER, Author of 'Rules for ascertaining the Sense conveyed in Ancient Greek Manuscripts.'
Craddock & Co. 45, Paternoster-row; and J. Bumpus, 155, Oxford-street.

J. F. HOPE will publish this Month,

'CHINA,' By Sir OSCAR OLIPHANT. This Work records the History of that Empire, of its Army, Navy, Religion, Laws, Trade, Commerce, Revenue, Literature, Products, Cities, and Splendours. Mr. Cobden's Notion discussed. With Copy of the Treaty, a Map of Canton, &c. Crown 8vo. price 3s. 6d. [Ready.]

"Valuable to Members of Parliament."

'HOLLAND,' its Institutions, its Press, its Kings, and its Prisons. With an Exposure of Court Secrets and Intrigues. By E. M. Post 8vo. price 10s. 6d. [In the press.]

MESS-TABLE STORIES, ANECDOTES, and PARQUINADES, to Promote Mirth and Good Digestion. By HOIN SIKMOON. Post 8vo. price 7s. 6d. [In the press.]

ITALY'S HOPE: A Tale of Florence. By JOHN ASHPFORD, Author of 'The Lady and the Hound,' &c. Post 8vo. 1 vol. price 4s. [In a few days.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE MYSTERIOUS FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. By JAMES PARSONS. Post 8vo. price 3s. 6d. [Ready on Monday.]

VOYAGES to CHINA, INDIA, and AMERICA. By W. S. S. BRADSHAW. Post 8vo. 1 vol. price 7s. 6d. [Ready.]

DEARFORGIL, PRINCESS OF BREFNEY: A Historical Romance. By the Author of 'The Last Earl of Desmond.' Price 6s. [Ready.]

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

BALFOUR'S MANUAL OF BOTANY.

In crown 8vo. pp. 664, with 521 Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d. cloth, **A MANUAL OF BOTANY.** By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D. F.R.S. F.R.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Third Edition. "The most masterly digest of the science which has yet appeared."—*Witness*. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co.

NEW EDITION OF MAW'S GARDENER, BY GLENNY.

In 12mo. price 6s. cloth, the 26th Edition of **EVERY MAN HIS OWN GARDENER,** with many Additions, Original Notes, and Essays on Landscape Gardening, Fountains, Fruits, Flowers, Guano, Heating, Pruning, &c., and the Catalogue of popular Plants brought down to the present day. By GEORGE GLENNY, F.R.S., Author of 'The Properties of Flowers and Plants,' &c. London: Longman & Co.; Simpkin & Co.; Whittaker & Co.; Hamilton & Co.; F. & J. Rivington; H. G. Bohn; Washbourne & Co.; Bagster & Sons; E. Hodgson; T. Hatchard; J. Hearne; Smith, Elder & Co.; Houlston & Wright; Willis & Sotherton; Griffith & Farran; and W. Tegg & Co.

Fifth Thousand, with Illustrations by the Author, 3s. 6d. cloth, **MRS. M'DOUGALL'S LETTERS** from SARAWAK: addressed to her Child in England; embracing an Account of the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Inhabitants of Borneo, and a brief History of Sir J. Brooke. "This little work by the wife of Bishop M'Dougall will be read with peculiar interest at the present time, both by young and old." Griffith & Farran, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

Now ready, price 3s. 6d. neatly bound in cloth, **THE BALANCE OF BEAUTY;** or, the Lost Image Restored. By JANE KENNEDY, Author of 'Sketches of Character,' 'Julian,' 'Young Maids and Old Maids,' 'Things New and Old,' &c.

From the *Weekly Messenger*. "Miss Kennedy has granted that those who judge purely upon the merits of her literary performances and with thorough impartiality will do her the justice to inform the public that her last tale shows abundant proofs of cleverness, a shrewd appreciation of character, and an earnest disposition to be useful for the promotion of sound learning and accurate religious training. We have come to this conclusion after a careful perusal of 'The Balance of Beauty,' and have much pleasure in recording such an opinion of its merits." London: W. Kent & Co. Paternoster-row, E.C.

Just published and imported from Paris, price 3s. **MANUEL D'HARMONIE, Pratique et Élémentaire,** à l'usage des Pensionnaires et des Mères de Famille, ouvrage approuvé par le Conservatoire Impérial de Musique. L. Booth, 307, Regent-street.

Also, lately published, **CONVERSATIONS ON HARMONY.** Dedicated, by permission, to Cipriani Potter, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. price 12s. "This work promises to become a necessity in the school-room and a valuable companion to the private student." *Morning Post*. "We can sincerely recommend our musical readers to peruse this work for their benefit." *Daily News*. L. Booth, 307, Regent-street; and Longman & Co. Paternoster-row.

Recently published, price 1s. **BIBLICAL REVISIONS:** Considerations in favour of a Revised Translation of Holy Scripture. By EDWARD SLATER. "Mr. Slater has treated the subject temperately, learnedly, and popularly."—*Derby Reporter*, July 1856. "A scarcely written pamphlet."—*Critic*, Nov. 1, 1856. "To quote from a pamphlet on this subject by Mr. Slater, containing a great amount of just thinking admirably expressed."—*Illustrated London Magazine*, March, 1857. London: J. F. Shaw, 36, Paternoster-row. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot.

Just published, price 10s. 6d. **A SYSTEM OF PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS,** containing ELEMENTS of ALGEBRA and GEOMETRY; to which are annexed accurate Tables of Logarithms, with Explanations and Examples of their Use. By JOHN DAVIDSON, A.M. SEVENTH EDITION. "To those who are in want of a carefully prepared and cheap text-book on the subjects treated, we cordially recommend Mr. Davidson's volume."—*Electric Review*. "It has been produced as a text-book for Schools, and, as far as we have been able to observe, is admirably adapted for such a purpose."—*Educational Times*. "We do not know any single work on the subject which contains, within the same compass, so large an amount of useful matters."—*Scottish Educational Journal*. Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh. Longman & Co., Whittaker & Co., and Simpkin, Marshall & Co. London.

NEW PARENT'S ASSISTANT. Just published, small folio, with numerous coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE-BOOK; or, Progressive Lessons from the Animal World—Four-footed Animals, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles. To which are prefixed, TEN PLATES of Miscellaneous Objects. Edited by ADAM WHITE, Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum; and Author of 'A Popular History of Mammalia.'

"Here is a famous picture-book, with real animals, nicely coloured for little people, and big ones also if they please. There are thirty folio plates, containing the different mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes, the molluscous, radiated, carnivorous, and granivorous animals. There is also plenty of information for the young students, very pleasantly conveyed, and given on very good authority. We dare say this volume will be as great a favourite in the parlour as it will be in the nursery."—*Athenæum*.

"Of all the interesting picture-books for children we have seen, and that is not a few, this is the best; it fulfils its name and object; it is a real picture-book, and it is in the best sense instructive." "The letter-press is admirable; almost too good for such small print and big pages; it also might have been written by a wise child or by Bishop Stanley. It is a pleasant, and homely, and funny, and telling, and happy-hearted, and so full of the best and most thorough science." "Let Fatherfamilias buy the book instantly, and make his nursery and himself merry and wise."—*Edinburgh Advertiser*. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

In the press, BUCHAN.—By J. B. PRATT, M.A.—NOTES,

Original and Collected, Descriptive of the Natural Phenomena, Antiquities, Manners and Customs, Modern Improvements, and Present State of the District. Useful also as a Guide Book. The Work will be illustrated by Eight Lithographic Views. Lewis & James Smith, Aberdeen. Orders received by all Booksellers.

Just published, fcap. 8vo. sewed, 2s.; cloth boards, 2s. 6d. **DEAN RAMSAY** on Some of the CHANGES which have taken place in the MANNERS and HABITS of SCOTLAND during the last Fifty Years; and on the SOCIAL and MORAL INFLUENCES of the IRON ROAD: being the Substance of Two Lectures delivered at Ulster Hall. "We have met with many a tome on men, manners, and cognate subjects, in which there was no more of the juice of wit than there is in a ball of worsted. Our samples will show, we hope, that in the hundred and few odd pages of this little book, the juice spoken of is ripe, ready, and plentiful, as in the sunniest of peaches."—*Athenæum*. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Fcap. 8vo. sewed, price 6d. **ON THE RELATION OF ORNAMENTAL TO INDUSTRIAL ART.** By Professor GEORGE WILSON. Author of 'The Five Gateways of Knowledge.'

Fcap. 8vo. cloth, price 6s. **THE VISION OF PROPHECY,** and other POEMS. By the Rev. JAMES D. BURNS, M.A. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Glasgow: David Bryce; and James Maclehoose.

30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. **MR. NEWBY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

In 9 vols. 8vo. price 22s. **PHANTASMATA.** By R. MADDEN, Esq. Author of 'Life of Savonarola,' 'Life of Lady Blessington.'

"It is replete with interest."—*Leader*. "This eminently entertaining and clever book has everywhere the evidences of deep and original thought and extensive reading." *The Warbler*. "The work is one of inexhaustible interest."—*Bath Express*. "A very interesting work."—*Examiner*. "A book of the highest importance to Literature and Science." *Guardian*.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. (Preparing for publication.) **A SKETCH OF THE PROFESSIONAL LIFE of the late SERJEANT WILKINS.** By JOHN BERRY TORR, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple and Northern Circuit.

In demy 8vo. Vol. I. price 14s. **THE LIVES OF THE PRIME MINISTERS of ENGLAND.** FROM THE RESTORATION TILL THE PRESENT TIME. By J. HOUSTON BROWNE, Esq., LL.B., and of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. "This Work, which has been long delayed by the severe illness of the Author, will be ready immediately." In 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. (Now ready.)

THE PRESS, THE PULPIT, AND THE PLATFORM; OR, THE DECLINE OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE. In 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE PLEASURE PATHS OF TRAVEL. "The author treats his primeur paths of travel with natural safety and grace, and produces really pleasurable impressions." *Athenæum*. "The language is sparkling and graceful."—*Sporting Revue*.

In 1 vol. 5s. (Now ready.) **PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.** By HARRY HIBBER.

THE NEW NOVELS. In 3 vols. 31s. 6d. (This day.) **THE WRECKERS.** By the Author of 'Smugglers and Foresters.'

In 3 vols. 31s. 6d. **THE MEDORA.** By the Author of 'The Two Midshipmen.' "A rattling romance, hearty, bold and unaffected."—*Athenæum*. "It will take its stand by the side of the best productions of Marryat and Cooper."—*Sporting Revue*. "It will have readers in camp and cabin, in gun-room and barracks."—*Dispatch*. "Enchains the interest and gratifies the curiosity of the reader." *Sunday Times*.

In 8 vols. 31s. 6d. **THE PEDLAR.**

Immediately, price 1s. THE COME T.

"Old men and beldames in the street Do prophesy about it dangerously."—*Shakspeare*. Hurst & Blackett, Publishers, Successors to Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

PATRICK'S COMMENTARY, &c. 4 vols. imperial 8vo. cloth, price 31. 3s.

PATRICK'S COMMENTARY on the HISTORICAL and PARAPHRASE of the POETICAL BOOKS of the OLD TESTAMENT; Bishop Lowth on the Prophets; Dr. Arnold on the Apocrypha; Dr. Whitby on the Gospels and Epistles; and Lowman on the Revelations. London: William Tegg & Co. 55, Queen-street, Cheapside.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S REVIEW, and Drawing-Room Journal of Social Progress, Literature, and Art: a First-class Literary Periodical, especially devoted to Women's Cause. Edited by ELEANOR DUCKWORTH.—Published every alternate Saturday, at 154, Strand.

THIS DAY. I. AUERBACH'S NEW TALE.

THE BAREFOOTED MAIDEN. From the German of BERTHOLD AUERBACH, by authority of the Author. Beautifully printed by Whittingham, with Six Illustrations by Wehnert. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

II. A NARRATIVE OF FACTS OF THE GREATEST INTEREST. **THE UNPROTECTED;** or, Passages in the Life of a Dressmaker. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

III. UNIFORM WITH GRAY'S 'ELEGY,' AND OTHER VOLUMES OF THE SERIES. **THE FARMER'S BOY.** By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. A choice Edition, illustrated by BRACKET FOSTER and others. Crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

IV. NOEL HUMPHREYS' NEW VOLUME. **RIVER GARDENS;** or, Views of Fresh-water Life. With Eight richly-coloured Drawings by the Author. Uniform with 'Ocean Gardens.' Square 12mo. cloth, gilt edges, 6s.; or The Ocean and River Gardens in One Volume, with Twenty coloured Plates, 10s. 6d.

V. **THE CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE:** For the Use of Families and Schools; intended to aid Mothers and Teachers in training Children in the Observation of Nature. In Three Parts. Part I. Plants.—Part II. Animals.—Part III. Air, Water, Heat, Light, &c. By W. HOOKER, M.D. &c. Illustrated by 100 Engravings. Complete in 1 vol. small 4to. cloth extra, bevelled. Sampson Low, Son & Co. 47, Ludgate-hill.

STANDARD WORKS.

SIR BERNARD BURKE'S PEERAGE and BARONETAGE for 1857. New Edition, corrected to the Present Time, from the Personal Communications of the Nobility, &c. 1 vol. with 1,500 Engravings of Arms.

"Sir Bernard Burke's magnificent repository of information relating to the British Aristocracy is to the Peerage and Baronetage—only upon a more magnificent scale—what *Hansard* is to the 'Debates' what *Kelly* is to 'London,' what *Dod* is to the 'Legislature.' It is considerably more than this; it is a Book of Reference it combines within itself the precision and accessibility of a Dictionary, with the amplitude and information of an Encyclopedia of ever-interesting and sometimes even enthralling information. Historical, biographical, heraldic, genealogical, and antiquarian."—*Sun*.

SIR B. BURKE'S HISTORY of the LANDED GENTRY of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND. PART III. is now ready, price 10s. 6d. To be completed in one more part, forming a single volume, uniform with the 'Peerage.'

EVELYN'S DIARY and CORRESPONDENCE. New and Cheap Edition, Revised. Edited, with Additions from the Original MS. and New Notes, by JOHN FORSTER, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 4 vols. post 8vo. with Portraits, price 6s. each, bound. [Just ready.]

Miss STRICKLAND'S LIVES of the QUEENS of ENGLAND. Cheap Edition, in 8 vols. With Portraits of every Queen. Price 7s. 6d. per vol. bound, any of which may be had separately.

PEPYS' DIARY and CORRESPONDENCE. New and Cheaper Editions, with all the Recent Notes and Emendations. The Small 8vo. in 4 vols. uniform with 'Evelyn's Diary.' 6s. each, bound; and the Library Edition, in 4 vols. demy 8vo. uniform with Murray's Classics, 7s. 6d. each, bound.

LIVES of the PRINCESSES of ENGLAND. By Mrs. EVERETT GREEN. Complete in 6 vols. with Portraits, 10s. 6d. each, bound.

THE CRESCENT and the CROSS. By ELIOT WARBURTON. Thirteenth Edition, with 15 Illustrations, 6s. bound. HURST & BLACKETT, Publishers, Successors to HENRY COLBURN, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

Valuable Works, PUBLISHED or SOLD at REDUCED PRICES by HENRY G. BOHN.

LINDLEY'S LADIES' BOTANY; or, Familiar Introduction to the Natural System of Botany.

FIFTH EDITION.—2 vols. 8vo. with One Hundred Coloured Plates, illustrating the Flower, Fruit, and Anatomy of every Tribe of Plants. Cloth, recently published at 2*l*. 10*s*., reduced to 1*l*. 5*s*.

HAYDON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY and JOURNALS.

Edited and Compiled by TOM TAYLOR, Esq. Second Edition, 3 vols. crown 8vo. cloth, 1853, published at 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.; reduced to 10*s*. 6*d*.

CHALYBÆUS' HISTORICAL SURVEY of SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY,

From Kant to Hegel. Translated from the German by A. TULKE. Post 8vo. cloth, 1834, published at 8*s*. 6*d*.; reduced to 3*s*. 6*d*.

SIR EDWARD BELCHER'S ARCTIC VOYAGE in SEARCH of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,

During the YEARS 1852—4, in H.M.S. ASSISTANCE; with Notes on the Natural History, by Sir J. RICHARDSON, PROFESSOR OWEN, THOMAS BELL, J. W. SALTER, and LOVELL REEVE. With numerous coloured Plates, Charts, and Wood Engravings. 2 vols. royal 8vo. cloth extra, published at 1*l*. 16*s*., reduced to 15*s*.

TURNER'S LIBER FLUVIORUM; or, River Scenery of France.

62 highly-finished Line Engravings on Steel by WILLMORE, GOODALL, MILLER, COURENS, and other distinguished Artists, with Descriptive Letter-press by LEITCH RITCHIE; and a MEMOIR of J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. by ALARIC A. WATTS. Imperial 8vo. gilt, cloth extra, 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

*** This beautiful volume contains many of the Drawings now exhibiting at Marlborough House.

RECENT ISSUES IN BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

ADDISON'S WORKS, with the Notes of Bishop

HURD. New Edition, with upwards of 100 Unpublished Letters, &c. Edited by HENRY G. BOHN. 6 vols. post 8vo. with copious Index, Portrait, and Eight Engravings on Steel, cloth, 1*l*. 1*s*.

BLAIR'S CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES, revised

and enlarged; comprehending the Chronology and History of the World, from the Earliest Times to the Russian Treaty of Peace, April, 1856. By J. W. ROSSE. Thick post 8vo. (upwards of 800 pages), cloth. Double volume, 10*s*.; or half-bound morocco extra, 12*s*. 6*d*.

BURKE'S WORKS, including a Selection of his

LETTERS, and LIFE by PRIOR. 9 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

CARREL'S HISTORY of the COUNTER REVO-

LUTION in ENGLAND, for the re-establishment of Popery under CHARLES II. and JAMES II.—FOX'S (Right Hon. C. J.) HISTORY of JAMES II.—AND LORD LONSDALE'S MEMOIR of the Reign of JAMES II., with Portraits of Carrel and Fox. Post 8vo. cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

CHINA, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical;

with some Account of AVA and the DURMESE, SIAM and ANAM. Illustrated by nearly 100 fine Engravings on Wood. Post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

COWPER'S COMPLETE WORKS, edited by

SOUTHEY; comprising his Poems, Correspondence, and Translations; with Memoir, 50 fine Engravings on Steel, after Designs by Harvey. 8 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 1*l*. 8*s*.

DEFOE'S WORKS, edited by Sir Walter Scott.

Including Captain Singleton, Colonel Jack, Memoirs of a Cavalier, Dickory Cronke, Moll Flanders, History of the Devil, Roxana, Mother Ross, Plague, Storm, True-born Englishman, Duncan Campbell, Voyage Round the World, &c. 6 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 1*l*. 1*s*.

DEMOSTHENES' ORATIONS against Leptines,

MIDIAS, ANDROTION, and ARISTOCRATES. Translated, with Notes, &c. by CHARLES RANN KENNEDY. Post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

DICTIONARY of LATIN QUOTATIONS, Classi-

cal and Medieval, including Proverbs, Maxims, Mottos, Law Terms and Phrases; with a Collection of above 500 Greek Quotations. Post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

GIBBON'S ROMAN EMPIRE, complete and un-

abridged, with Variorum Notes, including, in addition to all the Author's own, those of Guizot, Wenck, Niebuhr, Hugo, Neander, and other Foreign Scholars. Edited by an ENGLISH CHURCHMAN. With Portrait, Maps, and Index. 7 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 1*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY of CIVILIZATION, from

the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT. With general Index and Portraits. 3 vols. post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

HAND-BOOK of DOMESTIC MEDICINE: popu-

larly arranged. By AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN. (700 pages.) With a complete Index. Post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

IRVING'S (Washington) WORKS. In 10 vols.

post 8vo. with the addition of Plates and Indexes, price 1*l*. 15*s*. Each of the Works may also be had separately.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY of the RESTORATION

of MONARCHY in FRANCE (a Sequel to his History of the Girondists), 4 vols. New Edition, with General Index, and Portraits. Post 8vo. cloth, 14*s*.

LUTHER'S TABLE TALK. Translated and edited

by WM. HAZLITT. New Edition, with LIFE of LUTHER, by Chalmers, Michelet, and Audin, and fine Portrait after Kranach. Post 8vo. cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

MARRYAT'S MASTERMAN READY; or, the

Wreck of the Pacific. New Edition, with 93 beautiful Engravings on Wood, post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

MEMOIRS of PHILIP de COMMINES. To which

is added, THE SCANDALOUS CHRONICLE. 2 vols. with Index and Portraits, post 8vo. cloth, 7*s*.

MEMOIRS of the DUKE of SULLY. With Notes,

and an Historical Introduction by SIR WALTER SCOTT. 4 vols. with Index, and Portraits, post 8vo. cloth, 14*s*.

PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY. Translated,

with copious Notes, by Dr. BOSTOCK and H. T. RILEY. Complete in 6 vols. with copious Index, post 8vo. cloth, 1*l*. 10*s*.

QUINTILIAN'S INSTITUTES of ORATORY.

Literally translated, with Notes, by the Rev. J. S. WATSON, M.A. 2 vols. with Index, and Biographical Notice, post 8vo. cloth, 10*s*.

SMYTH'S LECTURES on MODERN HISTORY;

from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the close of the American Revolution. New Edit., with the Author's last Corrections and an Index. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 7*s*.

STOCKHARDT'S AGRICULTURAL CHEMIS-

TRY; or, Chemical Field Lectures: a Familiar Exposition of the Chemistry of Agriculture addressed to Farmers. Translated from the German, with Notes by Professor HENFREY, of King's College. To which is added, a Paper on LIQUID MANURE, by J. J. MECHL, Esq. Post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

TALES of the GENII; or, the Delightful Lessons

of Horam the Son of Asmar. New Edition, with numerous Woodcuts and 8 Steel Engravings, post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

WALTON and COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER;

with Variorum Notes, practical and historical, an Account of Fishing Waters, &c. &c. Edited by ED. JESSE, Esq., and H. G. BOHN. Illustrated with upwards of 200 Wood Engravings by the best Artists, and 25 Steel Engravings after Crewick, Abolton, Cooper, and other distinguished Painters, chiefly engraved by Willmore. Price 5*s*. with the Wood Engravings; or 7*s*. 6*d*. with addition of the Steel Engravings.

WRIGHT'S PROVINCIAL DICTIONARY.—A

DICTIONARY of OBSOLETE and PROVINCIAL ENGLISH, containing Words from the English Writers previous to the Nineteenth Century which are no longer in use, or are not used in the same sense; and Words which are now used only in the Provincial Dialects. Compiled by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. H.M.R.S.L. &c. (1,048 pages). In 2 vols. post 8vo. 10*s*.; or, bound in 1 thick volume, half morocco, marbled edges, 12*s*. 6*d*.

XENOPHON'S MINOR WORKS; comprising the

Agæsiæus, Hiero, (Economicus, Banquet, Apology of Socrates, &c. &c. Translated, with Notes, by the Rev. J. S. WATSON, M.A. (This volume completes the Classical Library translation of Xenophon's Works.) Post 8vo. cloth, 5*s*.

*** Complete Catalogues may be had, post free, on application.

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN, W.C.

Editorial Communications should be addressed to "The Editor"—Advertisements and Business Letters to "The Publisher"—at the Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London, W.C.
Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the co. of Middlesex, at his office, 4, Took's-court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in said co.; and published by JOHN FRANCIS, of No. 14, Wellington-street North, in said co., Publisher, at 14, Wellington-street North aforesaid.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh;—for IRELAND, Mr. John Robert-son, Dublin.—Saturday, May 9, 1857.